

AMERICA

Control Of Atomic Energy

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VOL. XX DECEMBER, 1945 NO. 79

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THOUGHT

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

UNO Participation Implemented. Unanimous approval by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of full participation in UNO emphasizes how far American political thought has advanced in the last few years. Few Americans any longer doubt that positive international cooperation is needed to guarantee peace. Few believe the nation can play an isolationist role and get away with it. The latest Senate action stresses the fact that popular sentiment wants a United Nations Organization with an effective enforcement arm. Anything less is but a sounding-board for good resolutions. The Senate policy allows our delegate to the Security Council to vote for the use of armed force against aggressors without waiting for specific Congressional assent. For all practical purposes the Senate's proposed action, in addition to approval of Presidential appointment of a delegate to the Council and of five members of the Assembly, would have the force of a treaty guaranteeing our unreserved adherence to the UNO.

Molotoff Cocktail. With Generalissimo Stalin unexplainably absent, the twenty-eighth anniversary of the October Revolution was celebrated in Moscow's Red Square. The speech of the day was delivered by Foreign Commissar Molotoff, and what he had to say was carefully assessed in the world's capitals. For the Russian people he had words of praise for their resistance to the Nazi invader (but no explanation of the Soviet-Nazi pact of 1939), words of warning that the struggle against Fascism and imperialism was not yet over, words of hope that the material progress interrupted by the war would be continued with renewed vigor. He hailed the restoration of "independence" to Soviet Lithuania, Soviet Latvia and Soviet Estonia, the new Soviet-Polish frontier, the incorporation of trans-Carpathian Ukraine into the Soviet Union. He made it clear that the acquisition of territory on its western border was "of the greatest importance in safeguarding the Soviet Union's security." Of special interest to foreign listeners was his blunt warning against the formation of a "Western bloc" and the use of atomic energy as a threat in international relations. "We will have atomic energy and many other things, too," he warned. While there were references to unity among the Allies, there was nothing in the talk which suggested a retreat from the intransigent stand which wrecked the London Conference of Foreign Ministers.

Reaction in London. On the day following the Molotoff speech, Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin and Winston Churchill made pointed rejoinders in the course of a debate on foreign policy in the British Parliament. Both pleaded for harmony among the Big Three and praised the "Twelve Points" of President Truman's Navy Day address as a sound basis for world peace. With respect to the atomic bomb, Mr. Churchill supported the American policy of retaining the secret of production "know-how" for the time being. "During the war," he testified, "we imparted many secrets to the Russians, especially in connection with radar, but we were not conscious of any adequate reciprocity." Mr. Bevin was patently angered by Mr. Molotoff's references to a "Western bloc." "I am not a criminal," he said, "if I want friendship with neighbors bordering on the British frontiers." Disclaiming any unfriendly intention toward the Soviet Union, he appealed to the great Powers, with obvious sincerity and urgency, "to really put the cards on the table face upwards." To a world longing for peace, it was obvious that

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mutual trust had not yet been achieved by the Big Three.

Profits and Minimum Wages. Chester Bowles, OPA Administrator, turned out to be one of the most effective witnesses yet to appear before the Senate subcommittee studying revision of the Fair Labor Standards Act. Some of the opposition to raising the wage floor of workers in interstate commerce from the present 40-cent level to 65 cents stems from the belief that such an increase might have strong inflationary tendencies. Since no one in Washington today has a better anti-inflation record than Mr. Bowles, his testimony on this point was especially cogent. "There need be no hesitation on anyone's part," he affirmed, "because of the price consequences of this legislation." He asked the legislators to consider two industries—tobacco and timber—which would be notably affected by the proposed amendment. To raise the wages of the fifty-eight per cent of its employees now receiving less than 65 cents an hour would cost the tobacco industry \$14,000,000. If the entire increase were taken out of cigarettes alone, this would mean about one-tenth of a cent a pack. By absorbing the increase, the industry's profits, based on 1944 earnings of \$154,000,000, would be reduced about nine per cent. Under a 65-cent minimum, the lumber and timber industry would have to raise the wages of fifty-four per cent of its employees. This would increase payrolls \$67,000,000—about forty-three per cent of 1944 profits. Even with this cut, profits before taxes would be 690 per cent above pre-war levels and would yield a ten-per-cent return on net worth. Testimony of this kind strongly supports the 65-cent minimum. It also substantiates the contention of Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno* that the income of industry is not equitably distributed.

Small Business and the Farmer. Small businessmen seem unconcerned about the fact that they are in danger of losing the farmer's sympathy and support. Farmers, as a group, fear monopoly, and favor small enterprise. They expect in return from the businessmen, initiative, efficiency and vision. Right now they are getting the initiative and efficiency—the wrong kinds—and no vision. After collecting farmers' dollars in a State where farm cooperatives flourish, the Iowa Small Business Men's Committee proceeded to attack co-operatives, reviving the old, oft repeated charge that co-ops don't pay taxes. The farmers, who know differently and can distinguish between patronage dividends and profits, are rightly shocked

at the Committee's ignorance. A feud is in the offing, and small business, after putting itself in the wrong, is not likely to be the victor. The myopia of the businessmen is not confined to Iowa. The Conference of American Small Business Organizations, claiming to speak in the name of 300 affiliated groups, in a recent special bulletin breathed death to cooperatives, under either private or government sponsorship, and denounced grade labeling and store classification as fruits of Nazism. Farmer co-ops will scarce regard this as a gesture of friendship. In the same special bulletin, the Conference roundly denounced the proposed permanent FEPC as a covert attack on small business and an instrument of persecution devised by labor unions. As some farm organizations do not share the belief of the Conference that unfair discrimination is non-existent, and so favor H.R. 2232, they can only deplore the lack of vision behind the needlessly violent attack. Extension of social security, economic planning and all government financing and subsidies are also opposed by the small businessmen. Farmers and farm-organization leaders will be aroused at this blanket condemnation. While farmers favor small business, they will not continue to do so unless small businesses, or their self-appointed spokesmen, drop this unreasoning individualism and come to terms with the agricultural portion of the community.

Cooperative Answer. Consumer cooperatives are the reply of the man in the street to the threat of voracious monopoly. Through them he preserves the saving factor of healthy competition in private enterprise and returns to himself as patronage dividends the money that would go into the pockets of others in the form of profits. The strength of the consumer cooperative movement can be gathered from a survey recently released by the Cooperative League of the USA. Consumer cooperatives in the United States and Canada, affiliated with the League and with National Cooperatives, Inc., own and operate 158 mills, factories and refineries. They own and operate 1,664 miles of pipe-line and 429 oil wells, as of October 15, and operate nine oil-compounding plants which blend lubricating oil to specifications of farm and city consumer-owners of the co-ops. Some other cooperative plants, affiliated with the Cooperative League and National Cooperatives, are 11 fertilizer factories, 18 feed mills, 7 seed mills, 7 insecticide and fungicide and dust manufacturing plants and 39 chick hatcheries. There are 8 soy-bean processing plants, 4 farm-machinery factories, 2 flour mills, 2 coffee roasteries, 2 canneries, 7 bakeries and 8 miscellaneous

food-processing plants. There are 5 printing plants, 6 saw mills, 2 paint factories and 4 coal mines in addition to miscellaneous production units which include a chemical-products laboratory, hot-water-heater factory, serum factory, grease factory, 2 alfalfa dehydrators and a prefabricated-housing plant. There are, of course, other non-affiliated consumer coops. The Cooperative League gives as its reasons for moving into the production field: 1) to assure a constant source of supply; 2) to control quality of goods distributed through retail cooperatives; 3) to make additional savings where prices from manufacturers are held at artificial high levels, and 4) to curb monopoly.

Real National Defense. The Army is driving full tilt towards its goal of nothing less than compulsory universal military training in peacetime. There is scarcely a day that a General doesn't tell us how necessary it is, because the future is dark with disaster. Those who say "No" to peacetime conscription are put down as somehow disloyal to our best interests. The truth is that this opposition is bent on safeguarding our best interests. Those interests are not safeguarded by a concentration on compulsory military training. General Marshall, speaking at the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum on October 29, referred to the Defense Act of 1920, which, he said

... was not the best program we could have found [presumably because it didn't have a peacetime-conscription clause!] but it was generally sound and would have been a long forward step had it been implemented through the years. It wasn't. Hardly had the President's signature on the Defense Act dried than the Act was emasculated. . . . Within a few years Congress had thus completely reversed itself on the policy of maintaining a respectable military posture, not by meeting the issue head-on, but by refusing to appropriate the money necessary to carry it out.

The General took the words right out of our mouth, or rather out of an article we published in our January 20 issue. Not compulsory military training is needed, but a rounded and sound defense program. Let the Army stop stumping for peacetime conscription; let it bring the 1920 Defense Act up to date; and let them sell it to the Congress and the people. Then we would have real and not fictitious national defense.

Mrs. E. V. Morrell. The late Lady Herbert of Lea used to call herself a "poor rich woman"—so completely was her fortune exhausted by the missionary enterprises she helped to found. Counterpart in this country to Lady Herbert was an even more truly "poor rich woman" who died, aged 81, November 6 at her home in Torresdale, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Edward V. (Louise Drexel) Morrell.

Every cent of her income over the years—it is said to the extent of six million dollars—was painstakingly disbursed in the interests of Christian charity and Christian education, particularly that of the under-privileged and of Negro youth, as well as the promotion of better race relations. Along with her husband, former Congressman E. V. Morrell, she founded Saint Emma's Agricultural and Industrial Institute for colored boys of Rock Castle, Va. Popes and Bishops have repeatedly praised her unique work, but Mrs. Morrell evaded public notice. She was remembered only as the younger sister of Rev. Mother M. Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Negroes and Indians, who is still happily surviving. Just a week over a year ago Mrs. Morrell was singled out as one of the annual recipients of the James J. Hoey award for Interracial Justice. Mrs. Morrell's remains were laid away on November 9 in the crypt of Saint Michael's shrine of the True Cross at Torresdale, of which she was a co-foundress, after a Pontifical funeral Mass celebrated by Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Shipping Scandal? On March 31, 1942, the War Shipping Administration acquired three ships for Uncle Sam from the Colonial Navigation Company of New York. Colonial bought these ships—the *Arrow*, *Comet* and *Meteor*, built respectively in 1909, 1907 and 1899—in 1936 for \$209,274. With shipping at a premium following the outbreak of the war and the German submarine campaign, the market value of the ships was enormously enhanced, and before the Government acquired the vessels, the Maritime Commission had set a market value on them "in sound condition," as of January, 1942, of \$422,562. On the basis, however, of 1940-42 insurance figures, WSA offered the owners \$854,500, a price for which they settled after first asking for \$2,250,000. Now Lindsay Warren, Comptroller General, is protesting the deal and calling upon the House Committee on Expenditures to take "appropriate" action. If Congress agrees to look into the matter, it might well go further afield and investigate the entire war-shipping situation. It can learn, for instance, that the Maritime Commission paid \$660,300 in 1942 for the *City of Alma*, a ship which it valued on December 31, 1938, at \$91,319; that it bought the *Malany* and *Nana*, valued on the same date at \$66,612 and \$55,049, for \$400,000 and \$352,669 respectively. Ship owners defend these fabulous profits by pointing out that the prices were established in a free world market; that all this took place before our entry into the

war. Thereafter prices were frozen and the Government supervised the industry's profits with a very jaundiced eye. How this apologia will sit with the Congress and the taxpayers remains to be seen.

Pax Romana Rediviva. In its occasional *Circular*, the North American Secretariat of Pax Romana has just released the details of the first postwar Regional Congress, held in London from August 25-30. It was regional in name, international in fact; for it assembled students from Canada and the United States, China, India, Australia, Great Britain, Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland and Sweden. Problems of reorganization were specially considered. Pax Romana's extensive student-relief program was reviewed; and future plans were considered. "Our task," said Mr. Edward J. Kirchner, First Vice-President, "is to assist in the reconstruction of the academic life of Europe, a university life that will foster and direct the reconstruction of the Christian civilization of the Continent." Dr. Francis Aylward, President of the Newman Association of Great Britain, urged the necessity of creating an international association of Catholic university graduates, devoted to the problems of international life. Dr. Hugh O'Neill, Past President of the Newman Association, proposed a Catholic Institute of International Relations. Prof. Veraart raised again the idea of an International University, which would "unify Catholic scholarship and research," and bring men and women together to foster international understanding. Against the bleak background of the disunity and disorder left by the war, the Pax Romana "idea" shines forth once again as a beacon of salvation.

Catholic College in Basutoland. In our issue of July 7 we commented on the uncompromising campaign the Catholics of Basutoland (180,000 in a population of 600,000) are waging to get a just share of their taxes for support of their own schools. Now we have word that they have opened the Pius XII Catholic University College at Roma, Basutoland. The new University College

will permit and encourage Catholic Africans to pursue higher education under Catholic auspices. Land for the new buildings was donated by the Paramount Chieftainess, who spoke at the dedication ceremonies. Before a representative gathering of government, educational and church officials, Mr. Justice Solomon delivered the inaugural address on "The Nature of a University." His theme was that the Church alone in its teaching and principles can give the central basis on which all education, if it is to be of value, must be founded. "The Catholic Church," he said, "is God's security plan for humanity. Its teaching proclaims the sole source of human dignity and gives the spirit to grapple with the task of developing a people into the highest and noblest." Catholic higher education in the mission countries comprises 6 universities (2 in China, 2 in the Philippines, 1 in Japan, 1 in Beyrouth), 18 university colleges in India and an advanced technical school (the *Institut des Hautes Etudes* at Tientsin, China). The Pius XII Catholic University College in Basutoland, South Africa, is more than an addition to the Church's educational apostolate in the missions; it is an augury and first forward movement of that missionary renaissance which competent observers predicted as an aftermath of the war.

Velehrad. As the Russians drove the retreating Germans relentlessly back through Moravia, Catholics feared for the old convent and church of Velehrad, which seemed to stand square in the path of the armies. For Velehrad is the ancient church of Saint Methodius, one of the great apostles of the Slavs. Miraculously, Velehrad survived; and there, recently, was resumed the series of conferences interrupted by the war. Velehrad was the center for the movement for reunion of the dissident Eastern Churches with Rome. The postwar conference gathered Bishops, priests, seminarians—some fresh from concentration camps—to take up again the work of Velehrad. Russia loomed large in the discussions; and methods were proposed of approaching the Russian Church when, in God's Providence, the door would be opened. A program of closer collaboration between Roman and Greek Catholics was drafted—and all this in the spirit of closest union with Rome. The more surprising is it, therefore, to find it proclaimed by English, Czech and Slovak papers that this was a conference for union with the Orthodox Church, along with talk about the "necessity of abdicating from Rome." Velehrad seeks for unity; but it is the unity of the One Fold, under the Shepherd to whom Christ said: "Feed My lambs; feed My sheep."

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 Promotion and Circulation: GERALD DONNELLY
 Business Office: GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL BLDG., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

WASHINGTON FRONT

As the Labor-Management Conference opened in the Labor Department building in Washington, two important situations seemed likely to have a serious influence on the proceedings.

The newspapers played up the disputes on procedure, and this was right, for the open debates hinged upon the question: what matters were to be discussed: collective-bargaining processes, or the deeper question of wages and prices? But the unreported news was more important.

The first situation was created by the President himself when he invoked the venerable shade of "voluntarism," though not under that name. Voluntarism, in labor-economics parlance, means settling labor disputes directly between management and the workers, without any Government intervention. It was the gospel of the old AFL under Gompers.

That was all right with the representatives of management (with the Montgomery-Ward nightmare in their memories), and also with the AFL, and also John Lewis. But it did not sit well with the CIO, which owes much of its success to Governmental action. The result seemed not unlikely to be a first step in isolation of the CIO.

The second situation was the clear demonstration of how disastrous, to management, labor and the public alike, is the cleavage in labor ranks. And here again the CIO is isolated, with all the other groups arrayed against it on most decisive votes, at least on procedures.

Hence, it is not outside the bounds of possibility that the first spectacular event of the meeting will be that the CIO will walk out in a body, if it loses too many important decisions.

If such a thing should happen—and this writer hopes it will not—it will wreck the Conference, of course. But it will also be a disastrous blow to the AFL, which will have been forced by CIO tactics to vote with management in favor of the original purpose of the Conference—setting up machinery of industrial peace—as against CIO's insistence on consideration of wages and prices, as well as the other question.

Nothing could more clearly indicate how the country's interests would be served if all the labor forces were united again. And, no matter what machinery is set up, there may come an overwhelming demand from public opinion that labor settle its internal conflicts. Meanwhile, the Washington bus and street-car employees chose this inauspicious moment to break their contract and walk out on an unauthorized strike. Congress is already talking of a law. WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

THE MOST Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Archbishop of Cleveland, Ohio, who died on November 2 at the age of 79, was a priest for 56 years and a Bishop for 34 years. Within a few months of his consecration as Auxiliary Bishop of Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1911, he was transferred to the new See of Toledo. He became Bishop of the Cleveland Diocese in 1921 and was appointed Archbishop in 1939. His activity was manifold. He multiplied the parishes of Cleveland, built the million-dollar Our Lady of the Lake Seminary and the unique orphanage at Parma. He was a noted orator, and he was an original member of the Administrative Board of the N.C.W.C.

► Branding the propaganda that military training produces good characters as "plain hokum," the Most Rev. Michael J. Ready, Bishop of Columbus, told the organizational gathering of the National Council of Catholic Women in his diocese that "it is high time for all fathers and mothers to consider the moral and physical welfare of their young sons subjected to the recommended immoral practices of the Army and Navy."

► Every Sunday afternoon a Catholic program is broadcast in England over the American Forces Network from the "G. I. University"—the American university at Shrivenham, Wiltshire. On the initial broadcast, Maj. Robert Sherry, Catholic Chaplain at the University, pleaded for aid to the peoples of defeated countries. The broadcast is known as the Catholic Sunday Service of the Air.

► A new boys' high school to be opened soon at El Cajon, California, 20 miles east of San Diego, will be named after Knute Rockne. It will specialize in industrial-arts training and will admit any boy regardless of race, color or faith. The Most Rev. Charles F. Buddy, Bishop of San Diego, stated that a 50-acre tract of land has been acquired and a start made upon an endowment for the school.

► The N.C.W.C. *News Service* reports that of the 172 commissioned Chaplains of the United States Army and Navy who died in World War II, 66 were Catholic priests, 42 from among the diocesan clergy and 24 from religious communities. This represents more than 38 per cent of the total number of Chaplain deaths in the armed forces. Forty-one of these Chaplains received a total of 57 decorations for gallantry and distinguished service.

► The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas S. Duggan, Rector of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, Conn., who died on November 2, was editor of the *Catholic Transcript* for nearly fifty years. A. P. F.

Control of Atomic Energy

JOHN LaFARGE

The first group of scientists to visit the scene of the July 16 atom-bomb explosion at Los Alamos, New Mexico, went there in an armored car. Their shoes were covered with canvas as they walked upon the glass into which the sands of the desert had been fused. This vast sea of glass was the witness to the incredible power released in the form of heat by the atomic bomb. Protection for their shoes witnessed to the fear of poison in the form of radio-activity which accompanied the explosion. Gradually but steadily there is dawning on the public mind the full horror of the atomic destruction which has been released. It is hard to say which is the more disquieting, the manifestation of power or the letting loose of an incalculable degree of radio-active poison, the most subtle destructive agency the world has ever known.

At the meeting of Foreign Ministers in London, a correspondent said they were just beginning to "dabble their feet in the icy waters of the atomic bomb." Attempts to take the chill off those waters are doomed to failure. Reassurances of the Army and cheerful words from air-expert Alexander de Seversky as to the possibility of defense against the bomb are but a whistling in the dark, in view of the overwhelming testimony of scientists. Even if we do not put blind faith in the scientists, the possibility that they are agonizingly in the right is so tremendous that we cannot rationally take the risk of guessing that they are wrong. In a statement sent from Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 30, 515 scientists, asserting that no effective defense was possible in atomic warfare, called for "international cooperation of an unprecedented kind" to assure survival of the human race. The United States Government, they said, "as first producer of the atomic bomb should initiate immediately steps to achieve effective world cooperation for the prevention of war." And their statement was modeled on previous declarations of other groups of scientists such as those at Los Alamos itself and others who perfected the atomic bomb. As radar experts, these 515 declared flatly that the physical principles involved in the bomb made it clear that "a complete defense is absolutely impossible."

In the United States at the present time there are just three courses possible. Practically all discussions on the matter, whether in the press or in Congress or on the radio, resolve themselves into one or the other of these three plans.

The first course deals with the question frankly on the basis of isolationism. The only possibility that can even remotely be considered on an isolationist basis is that of retaining control of the manufacturing process. But the prospect for our retaining this control grows slimmer and slimmer. We cannot keep a monopoly of raw materials that may be manufactured into sources of atomic energy. It is plainly evident that we cannot keep a monopoly of scientific research. Steadily it becomes more apparent that the attempt to monopolize industrial processes will soon become as impractical as any other type of monopoly.

Against the isolationist plan—even if it were somehow workable—there looms an obvious and terrifying objection. Whether it is possible or not for us to keep the atomic secret temporarily, such action inevitably means an armament race of a scale and character that dwarfs any preceding it in human history. In fact, there is grave and disquieting reason to believe that the armament race has already begun. Certainly the immediate trend is there, if the actuality is not already at hand. And yet not a man living can face the cruel implications of such an armament race.

The second choice would be to commit control of atomic energy to the Security Council of the United Nations Organization. Let us briefly consider this idea. The Security Council, even with its reservation of veto power and exclusiveness, is founded upon the belief that collaboration in good faith between the major Powers is possible, though extremely difficult. There is a tight-rope balance, but a balance which can still be precariously maintained. The hope of keeping such an equilibrium lies in the cultivation of tenuous but evident good will, of a rough sort, the best we can hope for in this troubled world. As our Holy Father Pope Pius XII explained, with reference to the plans for the creation of the UNO: we are not to reject what little can be accomplished under the circumstances.

But with the advent of atomic energy and the looming-up of the armament race, even the slender hope of such a balance is overthrown. Even if the major Powers could resist the intoxicating temptation of unlimited power which the unfolding of atomic energy reveals to their imaginations, the poison of abject terror as to what may befall if other nations exert that power is too paralyzing to leave room for any kind of rational collabora-

tion between two, three or a few great nations retaining complete sovereignty, complete armaments, complete control of their own destinies.

From this follows as a conclusion the third alternative. It is no longer possible for any one of these major participants to retain the veto power, or, in other words, the principle of unlimited national sovereignty which this veto power implies. There is only one possible solution, which is to place the control of atomic energy on a basis from which this principle of unlimited sovereignty shall be forever purged. As was stated by Father Charles Keenan in AMERICA for October 6: "The atomic bomb, by making us conscious of the imperative need for controlling it, makes us conscious, too, of the essentially anarchic nature of unlimited sovereignty. For unlimited national sovereignty makes control impossible." And the abandonment of this principle means the pooling of our armaments in an international force.

President Truman and Prime Minister Attlee have undertaken to meet in Washington to discuss the problems of the atomic bomb. I believe the time has come for them now to make the following proposals as an alternative to the calamitous policy of engaging in an armament race, open or hidden, and the unworkable policy of trying to entrust the custody of atomic energy to the essentially unstable lack of balance in the UNO Security Council as at present constituted.

1. They would issue an invitation to the nations of the world to undertake the custody not only of the bomb but of all atomic energy, all developments, scientific, commercial, military, etc., while leaving complete liberty for independent scientific research. The will of the people would once and for all be expressed by a completely international agency representative of the peoples of the world, with no special interests, national, commercial or otherwise. It would be open to all peace-loving peoples without exception. The foundation stone of this agency's policy would be not only the outlawing of the bomb as such, but outlawing of war, international war. Since war is declared an outlaw, it must suffer the penalties of an outlaw. The international agency would be equipped with the right to pursue offenders, to investigate violations, to inspect possible sources of danger, etc., and to punish violators of the peace, present or future.

2. In our reverence for what has been done before, this agency would not be set up as a new institution, but would be set up within the framework of the UNO, using as a basis the General Assembly as well as the Social and Economic Council. The Security Council would be retained

for whatever function it will contribute to the ends of this international agency, but it will have dropped its veto power. In other words, the principle of unlimited national sovereignty will be scrapped once and for all.

Lest there be any quibbling over the form of words, it should be made perfectly clear that what is given up is the right of a nation to arm in its own defense independently of the international organization. Giving up national sovereignty will mean that there will be no more national armaments. The President and Mr. Attlee would make abundantly plain the drastic character of the choice that we must face. Either we have national armament and risk total destruction not only of the nation but of the human race, or we give up national armaments and have at least a chance to preserve our existence. They would make plain that this is a question not merely of preserving the country, preserving ourselves against certain calamities and disasters but of preserving our very existence upon this planet.

3. It might be charged that this is placing our trust in an institution. The President and Mr. Attlee would make clear that we are not placing our trust in an *institution as such*. No institution, no matter how marvelously devised, no matter how clever, how ingenious and reasonable, can of itself keep the peace. The institution is merely an instrument for keeping the peace, nothing more nor less. It is not the will of the people as such, but is merely an instrument through which the people can enforce and articulate its will. Two extremes have to be avoided. On the one hand, a blind faith in mere laws and institutions as such; on the other, the equally mistaken idea that the popular will can be effectively expressed without soundly conceived laws and juridical institutions, armed with the forces through which laws are implemented.

But a lasting and workable institution cannot be built on fear alone, no matter how tremendous, no matter how urgent the situation, no matter how overwhelming the danger. There must be a definite will for peace. If this international agency be set on foot merely as a desperate resort against terror and destruction, it will not accomplish its purpose. There must be a positive will, a will to live together, to respect human rights and to build up peace in the world. Hence the logical conclusion of the joint proclamation would contain as an essential and fundamental part a summons to a worldwide education to peace and the institutions of peace. It must be made plain that fear of the dire possibilities of atomic energy is not itself, and cannot itself be, an adequate motive for

this international agency, but it is a powerful and all-persuasive *stimulus for that which is the adequate motive*, namely, the development of a will to peace among the peoples of the world.

On these two elements hinges, therefore, the establishment of this agency. On the one hand, there is the utter incompatibility of national sovereignty with any hope of escape from an armament race, from universal destruction. On the other hand, we realize the imperative necessity of a will to peace if any effective policy of disarmament and internationalization of force is to be obtained. There must be a will to trust the international society with force as well as law.

4. With these things understood comes the final and very specific question of what is to be put up to Russia. It will be made plain, first of all, that Russia is assumed to feel about this matter precisely as we do. Whether the Russians do feel that way or not is a matter of speculation, but the assumption must be made that they do. The assumption is reasonable that the saner factors in their government are just as much in fear of this terrible era of destruction as we are, because in point of fact an armament race, a race between the different types of atomic energy, would result in destruction of the Russian people and the annihilation of all that they hold dear quite as much as it would with us. Their stake in it is as great as ours, even though certain elements may be blinded by the intoxication of victory and are misinformed by nationalist and by Marxian propaganda as to the condition of the Western world. There must be, therefore, an invitation to Russia to join with us in this international agency. It will mean that the Soviet people will share in the control of atomic energy on precisely the same footing as the other peoples of the world, on the basis of a limited national sovereignty and a representative popular vote. Russia will be invited to give up her national armament precisely as we are, on the same terms as ourselves, and she will lack the excuse that she cannot do that, that it would be injurious to her own safety, because the other nations will have set the example of abolishing precisely that of which she stands in alleged terror.

Let me say once and for all quite plainly that I consider this an absolutely fair proposition to make to Russia, even from the strictly Russian point of view. If the proposition is made and Russia does not listen to it, I believe that the international agency should be formed anyhow, at all costs, because it will not contain in its formation any conceivable elements of a belligerent character. It is essentially peaceful, peaceful in its motive, peaceful in the methods of its construction,

in accord with the clearly stated aims of the United Nations. It cannot be considered as holding a threat. If any one nation should see a threat, it would be simply a witness to that nation's own perversity. It must be gently but firmly pointed out to the Russians that this is the decision that the peoples of the world outside have taken. It is no longer a question of one nation or another fighting for its existence, but the question of the whole human race fighting for its existence. We have come to the ultimate edge of the abyss. Any one people or group of peoples, no matter how large or powerful, that wishes to keep on shoving over the abyss would only seal its own doom.

May I say a word in conclusion? If Messrs. Truman and Attlee do not make this proposal at the present time they will have missed the historic moment. Inevitably it will be made sooner or later, but if it is made later and not sooner it will be made perhaps over the ruins of the whole of civilization. It is a proposal at which we must arrive. Let us make it while the sun still shines over at least part of the world. Let us make it while there is still some hope, some possibility, some manifestation of good will on the part of all the nations that have helped to form the United Nations Organization. Let it be made abundantly plain that this is not a diversion from the task of building the UNO and making it work, but is the natural consequence of the work that has gone into the United Nations. A study of that Organization reveals the great variety of levels at which means of contact, conference and peace construction have been achieved. It is the logical consequence of what has been done during the last five or six years. It must not be allowed to pass.

DEATH MARCH FROM SILESIA

A REFUGEE

(England's Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, said of the German refugees: "It is the price of man's stupidity and war. It was the most awful sight you could possibly see." AMERICA brings its readers an account of the refugees—by one of them.
—EDITOR)

People still like to argue whether "that man" is dead or alive, but there can be no doubt that the spirit of Hitler marches on and still lives in Europe. Even our American zone is not free of this spirit of hatred; but our conduct is that of angels from Heaven compared to what is happening in the

Russian zone of occupation. Some news of it is trickling through to the outside world; our troops are stationed in Czecho-Slovakia to see that the expulsions of the Sudeten Germans do not continue until western Germany can house the refugees. Little seems to be known about the ruthless expulsion of Germans from Polish Silesia. The following is an eye-witness account taken from one source and checked through men and women who have recently come to Germany from the east.

* * *

The *Görlitzer Neisse* (or Western Neisse as it was called by the Potsdam conference) has become a river of fate for the Silesian people. The tragedy taking place along its banks will rank forever with the most barbarous acts in all history. Even Germany knows very little about the hunger, the misery, the deaths of thousands in the cruel expatriation of the Silesians. I feel that it is my duty to write down what I have seen, and hope and pray that men of good will can help in some little way. For seven weeks I was on the banks of the Neisse and on August 16 of this year I returned to my present residence near the Czech border in Germany.

While traveling to Silesia I encountered large groups of Silesians wandering back to Silesia along the roads of Bavaria, Thuringia, Saxony. Most of them had fled before the Russian advance last Spring and were now voluntarily returning home. Many others, however, had been compelled to leave the evacuation areas because permission to remain and ration cards had been withdrawn. The groups moving from the area of Dresden eastwards first encountered small groups of Silesians moving from east to west. Farther to the east there were endless columns of carts driven and pushed by children and women. We evacuees moving to our homes full of hope to begin a new life were soon offered another picture: not hope but hopelessness, not joy but sadness. I saw 70-year-old men pulling handcarts, nearly breaking down and dying of hunger and weariness—but still walking, their eyes and hearts full of desperation. I saw Catholic priests marching with their parishioners. I saw the Catholic Sisters of Saint Borromaeus pulling a miserable cart like horses. When they saw us they shouted: "Turn back. Turn back. Don't go a step further. All is hopeless; all is lost. The Poles will steal what you have left and then send you back, too. Go back!"

When I approached Görlitz, the big city on the west bank of the river, all roads leading to the city were blocked by endless streams of people. Nobody can imagine the picture of misery! Trees and telegraph poles were covered with small no-

tices which read: "The town of Görlitz is near famine. Though immigration has been barred for weeks, the population figures are rising steadily. 20,000 men have immigrated into the rural districts around the city. There is no hope that any additional food can be brought to the city itself. All efforts to solve these difficulties for the thousands of refugees have failed. There is no hope of even a partial lifting of the ban on travel to the east. Refugees, move to another place where you may have a chance to get food. Follow this warning or else you must die of hunger!"

Görlitz, June 21, 1945. The municipal authorities were helpless to direct the endless stream of the Silesians. This notice was posted in the city: "Refugees are not allowed to stay here. They must continue on to Pomerania and Mecklenburg." But other streams of refugees returned from these provinces to the banks of the Neisse with word that they were not granted permission to enter, since these places were already overcrowded with hundreds of thousands of refugees from East Prussia, West Prussia and East Pomerania. In the provinces of Brandenburg and Mecklenburg the country police bar all immigration; all must turn back to where they came from. "Move on!" That is the only word you can hear. But no one can say where to go.

The streets of Görlitz are jammed with endless streams of bewildered people. Carts and wagons are pulled by men and women, living skeletons. During my week in Görlitz the food rations were as follows: for one week, 250 grams of bread, 50 grams of meat and either three pounds of old potatoes or one pound of new potatoes. I spoke with the director of the welfare office and the three priests of the parish churches of the town. All were desperate; they had no place to turn for help. One could see that they were at their wits' ends. I walked through the camps, the town buildings, formerly the sites of festivals, now places of hunger, misery, death. Shelter was given refugees for one night, but not a bite of food could be furnished. All were forced to continue on their way the next day. Many, too weak to go on, must die. I counted 16 coffins on a car rolling through the streets. I have taken a photograph of 114 coffins in Nikolai Church; they contain the bodies of those brought for Christian burial in the past two days. I met my sister and my sister-in-law with her five little children; they had not seen even a small piece of bread in the past five weeks; their food during that time had been turnips taken from the fields. As most of the cattle had been slaughtered or driven away, these turnips are no longer necessary for the cattle and serve as the

only food for refugees. Milk for the children is out of the question.

On every house, fence and tree you find slips of paper written by one refugee to another. Often I read notes from parents seeking their daughters. While crossing the Neisse bridges these girls had been stopped and requisitioned by the Poles for "harvest work." The desperate parents were forced to continue on their way without them. In other cases soldiers returning from the army are not allowed across the bridges and seek their families by these messages. Others indicate the direction taken by members of a family.

All bridges across the river have been blown up. Over one small temporary bridge the endless stream of Silesian refugees flows. Standing on the left bank of the river one can see the Polish soldiers stop German refugee carts, loot them completely, remove the horses and then let the people go on. Completely looted of their possessions, hungry, exhausted, without a single means of help, they give way to despair. One woman murmurs: "This rope is all that remains to me; I'll hang myself today."

The suicide figures in the town of Görlitz rise enormously. In 1944 there were 38 suicides in a population of some 94,000 inhabitants. During five months of 1945 there have been 234 suicides out of a population of only 62,000. During the summer months the suicide figures have risen even more.

Along the west bank of the river thousands of these people stand, hoping to return. From the east bank Polish soldiers fire into the crowds if they approach too close to the river. I myself have seen three women shot in this way.

I walked along the banks of the river for more than 65 miles. Always the same picture. The worst scenes were at the crossings near Lissa and Zodel, northeast of Görlitz. This was also the place where all girls had been stopped and forced to go back for "harvesting." Hundreds of thousands of Silesians have been expatriated during these last weeks. I myself belong to them. Of all my possessions I have only a small slip of paper which states: "This is to certify that has been expatriated and relieved of all his property."

During the seven weeks I remained in Silesia I spoke with thousands of refugees. They cannot believe that this method of expatriation was the plan of world leaders. They can see no reason why the wholly German country of Lower Silesia should be given to the Poles.

I succeeded in crossing the Neisse twice. I walked through dead and deserted homes and villages; through my completely destroyed home

town of Penzig. Every house is looted. In large motor lorries Poles drive off from the houses with all the furniture and goods piled high. The trees in the gardens are heavy with fruit, the harvest only partially brought in; while on the other side of the river thousands of people die of hunger!

The manner of exiling the Silesians was as follows: the Poles ordered the German population to come to the market square one morning; we were told to return in half an hour with 30 pounds of baggage. The square was surrounded by soldiers with machine-guns. In my home city other soldiers followed us into our homes and we were allowed about 15 minutes to pack the most necessary belongings; then we were driven back to the square by the soldiers. We were forced to go in procession to the exit from the town where all our luggage was inspected. Watches, jewelry, gold and silver, even knives and forks and food were taken from us. During this search people were beaten with sticks and some of the soldiers were shooting between the feet of the people.

I spoke with Polish soldiers and officers about these cruel methods, especially the looting. Their one answer was: "The SS was much worse in Poland!" I replied: "The SS boasted that they were pagans; you claim to be Christians." One Polish soldier answered: "Now we are Poles."

Over and over again one can hear these hopeless words from the refugees: "Why must we, the Eastern German population, pay for the war alone? Why must we alone pay for the Nazi cruelties? Where is the help of our own people? Where is the help of the Church? Of all the Christian welfare organizations? Where the International Red Cross? We are driven from one place to the other like lepers! Nobody offers help!"

I write this report and give it to you in the hope that somewhere in the world will be found men or organizations to help these poor people.

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Such is the eye-witness account of a Silesian of Penzig. God knows the Poles have suffered much; in present-day Poland and in all of Europe the spirit of Christ seems to be giving way before the spirit of revenge: "Do unto others as they have done to us."

This account was given to me by twenty nuns who reached a temporary haven in Bavaria; they were allowed to bring with them only the clothes they wore. People like these, who were never Nazis, who suffered most even under Hitler, need our help. UNRRA and the Red Cross cannot or will not furnish them aid; it must come from Catholic Charities and the Papal Relief Mission. But the need is urgent and winter is at hand.

IRELAND'S FASCIST GOVERNMENT

CHARLES KEENAN

Perhaps Fascist is not the best word; but judging by contemporary popular applications of the term it will do until a better comes along.

Mr. Churchill, speaking at the opening of the British Parliament, vividly described the fear that hangs over much of Russian-dominated Europe—the sudden appearance of armed police at the door, the arrest without charge or trial, the spiriting of people away to prison at the fiat of a minister or commissar. But, while Mr. Churchill's criticisms were well taken, he did not need to go so far afield. He need only have boarded a steamer at Liverpool and crossed the Irish Sea to Belfast to find there the precise conditions which he described.

The Government of Northern Ireland, which sits in Belfast, came into existence in 1921. In 1922 it declared a state of emergency and passed a Special Powers Act, which in effect suspended all civil liberties. Under this Act, suspect persons could be arrested and held indefinitely without trial, and hundreds were. The "state of emergency" has now lasted some twenty-three years.

Though under the fundamental law by which the British Parliament set it up, the Government could not discriminate against any religious group, the late Lord Craigavon, as Premier, did not blush to declare publicly that his was "a Protestant government for a Protestant people." Another minister of state publicly apologized for having nine Catholics among the hundred-odd employees in his department. Most of them were there when he came, he explained, and civil-service rules made it hard to get rid of them.

The ruling Party is the Orange Order, whose creed is briefly summed up in the chalked scrawls on street walls in Belfast: "To hell with the Pope." On July 12 each year the Orangemen assemble in their thousands and work themselves up to fresh fervor by a rehashing of the old, old anti-popey slogans that were out of date when the Gordon rioters wrecked London. From time to time this fervor erupts into a campaign of beatings, arson and murder directed against Catholics. The attitude of the Government may well be gauged from the report of an observer sent by the British Civil Liberties League on the occasion of such an outburst in 1935. He noted that a hundred police backed up by nine armored cars seemed unable to control an Orange mob evidently bent upon destruction and looting.

To speak only of what I know personally: our

house in Belfast was fired into at least six times—I don't know how many shots missed our windows. My father's life was attempted twice, though he was a man who never took any part whatever in politics. A hand-grenade was thrown into the midst of a group of Catholic children playing peacefully near our doors. Despairing of police protection, the Catholics of the city armed themselves—illegally, of course—and protected themselves. A rough-and-ready vigilance and alarm system sprang up after some Catholics had been taken from their houses by "unknown men" during curfew hours and murdered.

Though this may be past history, the denial of civil liberties still persists, the dominance of the Orange Order still persists; and recent reports seem to indicate that another outburst of anti-Catholicism is on the way. It has always been the Orange government's strong card in meeting a crisis. The history of the past twenty-three years points only to a repetition of what has gone before.

On its record, the Orange government may well claim to be the oldest totalitarian government in Europe—it was functioning on totalitarian lines before Mussolini marched on Rome, before Stalin came to the Kremlin, before Hitler staged his beer-hall *Putsch* at Munich.

Messrs. Attlee and Bevin, therefore, would do well to look in their own backyard in the intervals of denouncing Fascism abroad. They cannot escape responsibility for the actions of the Orange government. Representatives of the Orange state sit in the British Parliament; Britain appoints its Governor General; without British aid and support it could not operate. The things that happened (and are happening) in Belfast and elsewhere in Northern Ireland were not done in a corner. They are public knowledge. Ten years ago, almost two hundred members of the British Parliament tried to bring them to the official notice of Prime Minister Baldwin, but failed to get any action.

Granted, if you will, that the Partition problem is a difficult one and that it will take time for its ultimate solution. That does not change the fact that the constitutional guarantees which are the prerogative of Britain's subjects everywhere have been shamelessly flouted for more than twenty-three years in a part of the Empire within actual sight of Great Britain, and that British governments during all that time have connived at it.

The abolition of the Special Powers Act and the restoration of civil liberties and adequate protection for Catholics is a step that can and should be taken at once. This need not wait for the ending of Partition. In fact, it would seem that res-

toration of Catholic rights has been impeded by the assumption that they could be restored *only* by abolishing the Northern government. The Northern government can always beat the Orange drum and whip up public sentiment against any proposal for its liquidation; the appeal for reform should have a better chance of success.

Many thousands of Catholics from Northern Ireland have served in the British Army during the war, with a gallantry which drew tribute from Mr. Churchill himself. Simple justice demands that when they return home they shall be able to enjoy the freedoms which they fought to bring to others—among these others being the British people themselves.

THE STORY OF A STRIKE: II

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

(Continued from last week)

For the enemies of organized labor the New York dock strike was a holiday, but a day of mourning for its friends. Running its exasperating course amid charges of racketeering, bossism, goon squads, jurisdictional rivalry and Communist skulduggery, it will go down in labor history as a classic case-history of unionism gone to rot.

For a while it appeared that the long-suffering dues-paying members of the ILA might succeed in doing what well-wishers have long been urging them to do, namely, to disown their present leadership and clean house. Those who know what a difficult, and even dangerous, job a union house-cleaning can sometimes be have only sympathy and admiration for the men who tried and failed. It is possible to say this even though, under the circumstances, one cannot approve their choice of a strike as the means. The blame for this, however, rests primarily not on them but on the stupid labor leadership and the public irresponsibility which create situations where the rank and file can make an effective protest only by striking.

To some high AFL officials it would be very comforting if the original issue in the dock strike could be obscured by playing up the Communist angle. (The American flag has covered many a smelly mess before.) But for the good of the AFL itself this must not be permitted to happen. The rank-and-file revolt on the New York docks may be just what is needed to shatter the ill-considered complacency which prevails in high AFL circles and which is blocking necessary reforms.

As newspaper reports made clear, the real issue in the strike was Joseph Patrick Ryan, the man who contrived to have himself elected President

of the International Longshoremen's Association for life at \$20,000 a year, plus expenses. The issue was democracy—freedom of speech and freedom from fear. The issue was the right to demand what is just and to play the part of a man. The issue was the duty of union officials to act in the interests of the rank and file. The issue was bossism and all that bossism implies.

Some of the best stories on the strike appeared in the *New York Times*. While it recorded the Communist intervention, it never lost sight of the cause which sent the men out in the first place. The strike started, said the *Times*, "as a rank-and-file revolt against the leadership of Joseph P. Ryan." And it duly noted membership charges that "1) Ryan did more to safeguard his own job than to look after the union's rights; 2) he took better care of the shipping interests than of the men who paid his salary."

In an editorial summing up the strike the *Herald Tribune* was still more emphatic:

It is not necessary here to evaluate the charges of collusion, tyranny and terrorism brought against Ryan by his former followers. The point of importance is that they were sick of him as their representative bargainer, regarded him as a traitor and found no constitutional means of sending him packing. The ILA is a typical instance of a labor organization without provision for the frequent election of officers, for any guaranty against the dishonest manipulation of elections, if and when held, or for the proper accounting of union funds. It is an ideal instrument to the hand of an unscrupulous labor despot.

Some of the plainest speaking was done by the well-informed labor editors of *Business Week*. Discussing AFL support for the Ryan regime, which was forthcoming as soon as the threat from Communist-dominated CIO unions developed, *Business Week* wrote:

From the point of view of union democracy, Ryan is regarded, even in the AFL, as one of the most backward of old-line labor czars. His iron control over his organization goes even further than James Petrillo's over the musicians or Dan Tobin's over the teamsters. Ryan's last convention—the first in many years—completely controlled by him, elected him to the ILA presidency for life at a \$20,000-a-year salary.

In defending Ryan's regime, the AFL is once again forced into the awkward position of taking up a cudgel in one hand and holding its nose with the other.

Lest the reader suspect that these citations reveal not the facts which spawned the strike but the anti-labor bias of the conservative press, here are a few quotations from sources friendly to labor. Said the *New Leader*:

These men went out in defiance of their national leader. They had genuine grievances. Their president, Joseph P. Ryan, had signed an agreement with the shipowners which allowed the continuation of intolerable conditions. Ryan simply failed to do his duty as a union representative.

And the *Labor Leader*, organ of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists:

The cry, "Ryan must go," was first raised by honest, hardworking members of the ILA. The fact that the Commies came along and stole the slogan will be used by Ryan to beat down the rank-and-file opposition to his long and disgraceful reign as ILA President.

We urge all longshoremen to unite, as they did in the first days of the strike, and force Ryan out. For years the ILA has never held a union meeting; financial statements are unknown to the rank and file; gangsterism has throttled all rank-and-file expression, and conditions of work and within the union have been rotten. "Ryan must go" is still the slogan of the men of the ILA. And Victor Riesel in the *New York Post*:

This strike started as a revolt against the International Longshoremen's Assn. (AFL) boss—Joseph Patrick Ryan, head of the Joseph Patrick Ryan Assn., pillar of the local AFL and \$20,000-a-year lifetime union president. For eighteen years he has run the ILA as a one-man show. He has been the final say on contracts, working conditions, dues, initiation fees, infrequency of membership meetings and just what is good and bad for longshoremen.

In the larger pattern of the American labor movement Ryan is unimportant—except that he is so typical of a score of other powerful leaders who must feel almost posthumous because of the greatness they attach to themselves. They rule from a distance. Ask any teamster when last he saw his international union president, Daniel Tobin, who is paid \$600 a week "with business and pleasure traveling expenses for self and wife."

Ask any railroad man when last he saw his \$500-a-week leaders...

Understand this and you understand the resentment down among the union rank and filers whose bread and butter and clothing for the family depend on the whims of these men.

At the last Executive Board meeting of the AFL, which happened to occur during the dock strike, it was decided to hold the mid-Winter meeting in the sunshine of Miami. No doubt there are weighty reasons to commend this pleasant custom. An observer can only hope that the "Elder Statesmen" will devote some part of their Florida sojourn to the internal situation dramatized by the revolt against Joe Ryan.

The dock strike has its bitter lesson for the CIO, too.

For several days the press highlighted "the AFL-CIO struggle for control of the New York waterfront." It was good copy and the papers cannot be blamed for making the most of it. They also identified the CIO unions involved—the National Maritime Union, the Marine Cooks and Stewards Association, the marine division of the American Communications Association and Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union—as Communist-controlled. The resultant impact on the public was terrific. For thousands of people hereabouts the CIO has become synonymous with Communism (in addition to the thousands already convinced of this) and

it will take a good long time before the damage can be repaired. Meanwhile CIO efforts to organize in New York will be handicapped, as in the past, by the association with Communism.

This raises an issue which national CIO officials must sooner or later meet head on. Can the CIO continue to permit some of its affiliates to be directed from the outside?

Revelations following the dock strike prove conclusively that the Communists not merely aided the striking longshoremen, but took over their rank-and-file committee and ran the show. The man who engineered the deal was John Steuben, one-time official of the Commie-dominated AFL Hotel and Restaurant Workers Local 144 and now Party commissar of waterfront activities in succession to Roy Hudson. Within a matter of hours after he met the rank-and-file leaders, they had a left-wing law firm, an office, publicity men, pamphlets, etc. It was a very slick job.

The point is that this maneuver, which was certain to have widespread repercussions and grave consequences to the CIO, was planned and executed not at CIO headquarters in Washington, but at Communist Party headquarters in Manhattan! How long, one wonders, can any organization tolerate such intervention in its affairs?

As for the strike itself, the men are back at work and a contract is being arbitrated. Capitalizing on the Communist *putsch*, which probably caused the failure of the rank-and-file revolt and saved his lifetime job, Mr. Ryan is now moving "to clean house." Already William Warren, who led the revolt, and has since repudiated the Communists who duped him, has been expelled from the union. Ryan says he hasn't paid dues. Asked whether Warren might return to work, an ILA official winked and said: "Sure he can report, but if he falls and hurts himself it'll be no one's fault." The day after the strike ended, Warren reported for work—and fell and hurt himself, i.e. he was beaten up. Nice place, the New York waterfront.

In a final word on the strike the *New York World-Telegram* editorialized:

The best thing for all these longshoremen would be a quick, stiff gale of democracy strong enough to blow through their union and clear it of most of its present leaders, including Joseph P. Ryan, who has shown himself utterly unfit to retain the lifelong grip he managed to get on its presidency.

Above all, the gale should be formidable enough to warn Harry Bridges and his union-raiding Communists to stay on the other side of the continent. Labor on the nation's West Coast waterfront is already enough and too much to have in Bridges-Communist control.

To that conclusion it is only necessary to add a hearty "Amen."

If the labor-management conference now under way in Washington had been staged in Roman times, historians would have recorded that the auspices were not propitious. Some of the delegates had to pass a picketline to enter the Department of Labor Building. This was the work of sundry independent unions which had been barred from the meeting. Then the next day a strike by AFL transit workers tied up Washington's street cars and buses and forced the conferees to use a) taxis, or b) their legs, or c) private conveyances to get to conference headquarters.

President Truman indicated the importance attached to the conference by opening it in person. He spoke very earnestly, emphasizing that the country could not endure a period of industrial warfare at this time and that it was incumbent on the conferees, as representatives of labor and management with public responsibilities, to find ways and means of ensuring industrial peace.

Only one exception need be taken to Mr. Truman's speech, which undoubtedly represented the sentiment of the country. The President expressed the hope that the time had come "for labor and management to handle their own affairs in the traditional, American, democratic way." It is certainly debatable whether anything would be gained by returning to "the traditional, American, democratic way" of industrial relations. If we are going to have industrial peace in this country, we must begin by abandoning the dog-eat-dog philosophy which has dominated the marketplace in the past and set workers and employers at one another's throats. We need a whole new philosophy of industrial relations which will emphasize the common interests of labor and management, de-emphasize the things which divide them. We need, in a word, a change of heart, a willingness on both sides to subordinate selfishness and envy and greed to the dictates of social justice and the demands of the common good.

While we are waiting for the millenium, however, and working toward it, prudence dictates that we explore ways and means to mitigate industrial strife. This the conference will do, concentrating on methods of avoiding strikes and lockouts—mediation boards, fact-finding bodies, arbitration panels—when collective bargaining has failed to result in agreement. This program was agreed on at pre-convention meetings, but only over the protests of the CIO. Philip Murray, CIO President, wants the delegates to deal with proposals for full employment and fair employment, and he is especially insistent that the ques-

tion of wages be discussed. Management is opposed to this, however, as is a powerful labor coalition. (Formation of this coalition—AFL, Railway Brotherhoods, United Mine Workers—was one of the unwelcome surprises of the opening sessions of the conference.) Against this opposition Mr. Murray's proposal will probably be rejected, although every delegate at the table knows that wages are the chief point of contention today between labor and management.

Frankly, we are not enthusiastic over the prospects of the conference. But then that is only another reason to pray earnestly to God that it will succeed. The penalty for failure is not pleasant to contemplate.

YUGOSLAV PASTORAL

The pastoral letter of the Yugoslav Bishops, dated September 30 but only now made public, strikingly confirms the belief that all is not well in Yugoslavia. The pastoral, charging totalitarian tactics, follows close on a statement signed by Yugoslav political leaders in London and addressed to the Foreign Ministers Meeting. The political leaders declared bluntly that "the present regime established in Yugoslavia by a government brought into power by the great Allies has nothing to do with democracy or freedom." The facts revealed by the Bishops in their pastoral bear out that charge.

The prelates recall that before the end of the war the Belgrade government solemnly declared that freedom of worship and conscience as well as the right to private property would be respected. They affirm that they have no quarrel with the new government as such but only ask solutions to political, social and economic problems that are "in harmony with the natural principles binding on every human being." They condemn the materialistic and atheistic propaganda being spread through the country under government protection and assail the manifest injustices of which the regime has been guilty. The Bishops, like the political leaders, only ask that the freedom and respect for human rights which were denied by the Nazi invader be guaranteed in their homeland.

Tito's regime seems to be running true to totalitarian form. The repressive technique common to authoritarian governments is in favor and, according to the Bishops' charges, the ruthless brutalities of Nazi and Communist philosophy

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are not lacking. During and after the war 501 priests were victims of the system: 243 killed, 169 jailed and 89 wounded. The Bishops wisely refrain from trying to defend all of them; some were evidently guilty. But the injustice that characterized the treatment of all meets with condemnation in the pastoral. Even Tito's government could not justify the mass murder of 28 Franciscans of Siroki Brijeg without semblance of a trial. Making all allowances for unsettled internal conditions, the whole attack on the clergy bears the appearance of a smear campaign against the Church.

The political leaders' claim that freedom is absent is borne out by the Bishops' statements about the Catholic press, schools and institutions. The 100 Catholic publications that existed before the war are no more, and attempts to revive them are met with evasions. Boarding schools are managed by political commissars, and private schools, despite accreditation, may not be reopened. Sundays and Holy Days see youth diverted from church services to meetings, rallies and obligatory work. The old tricks of a Fascist system!

The timing of the pastoral is significant. It coincides with the departure of Drs. Subasitch and Juraj Sutej from the Tito Cabinet when objections were made to "undemocratic" election plans and the sentencing to death of prisoners without trial. The Bishops paint a gloomy picture of life in their homeland, but it agrees essentially with all we know from other sources.

YOUTH MEETS AT LONDON

The American delegation to the World Youth Conference was hardly being democratic when it vigorously opposed the British-Canadian suggestion that state aid be given non-governmental schools. The delegation's views were closer to the thinking of a minority American pressure group than to the considered opinion of many million Americans who do not regard such aid as synonymous with an established Church. We can only ask of a Youth Conference that rightly abhors a schism that it be truly democratic. And that does not mean "democracy" in the sense of the 38-year-old "youthful" Russian delegate, secretary of the Young Communist League, who laudably requested the purging of Fascist doctrines from youth organizations everywhere. World youth should scrutinize the feet at which it learns democracy.

EDUCATION WEEK

With its motto tuned to the high pitch of "Education for the General Welfare," the 25th American Education Week, November 11 to 17, announced as its opening selection, "Emphasizing Spiritual Values." The tune is an old favorite of public education. But its words are as vague and evasive as ever, and as full of that dreamy nostalgia for God without God, for spiritual values without religion, as they have been, lo, these many years. Yet they never fail to lull the American people to sleep, to make them fancy, for a time, that education apart from religion, apart from moral training, somehow promotes the general welfare. "There are 'spiritual values' in public education, you know. And anyway, religion in education would promote, not the general welfare, but union of Church and State."

What American Education Week needs is more than a new tune; it needs a completely new song. The composer would have to be, besides a musician, an utterly sincere and fearless man. In a recent message that accurately describes "Education for the General Welfare," Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati urges that American parents are the ones to "call the tune."

Secularistic educators, he says, who totally disregard the spiritual and supernatural life of the American people are exercising a tremendous influence on our government, in the States and in the nation. They are encouraged and sustained by school lobbies which are more interested in conducting schools for the advantage of teachers than for that of children, or for the general welfare of the people. . . . American parents everywhere should tell these lobbies that they and the teachers of our schools are the delegates of parents, who have the responsibility before God and before their country for the training of their children.

The genuine welfare of society, as of the individual, demands nothing less than the integral development of youth: his physical and intellectual and moral powers.

There is not the slightest doubt that thousands of parents are in complete accord with this position. Time and again they have echoed in their hearts Archbishop McNicholas' warning that "the youth of the world generally is handicapped because it has no moral training." They have seen around them, and in their own households, what the result is when "the most precious years of life are spent in utter indifference to morality or in cultivating a hostility to moral principles and moral controls."

What, then, holds them back from uniting in a common cause and raising their voices, peremptorily, for the kind of education they know is needed, for an education that provides moral as

well as—and in harmony with—physical and intellectual training? The answer is: "false propaganda." By false propaganda they have been led to believe that it is impossible to find a reasonable arrangement by which their children in public schools can be given a moral training in accordance with their wishes. They have been taken in by what Archbishop McNicholas well calls "the very stupid assertion that moral training of our youth in our tax-supported schools means union of Church and State."

No one in this country, least of all the Catholic Church, wants to bring about a union of Church and State. But to interpret *separation* of Church and State in such a way as to deprive the youth of the nation of moral training in public education conforms very closely to Nazi, Fascist, Soviet, Communistic and all totalitarian codes. At best it will produce a race of neo-pagans who will some day be entrusted with the destinies of the nation. Until parents exorcise from their minds the false propaganda that moral training cannot be introduced into the schools save by uniting Church and State, they will continue, however unconsciously, to foster a form of statism ultimately as dangerous as any of the "isms" which brought upon us the recent World War. No amount of emphasis on "spiritual values" that are not tied to religion and moral training is anything but illusory.

American Education Week is a fit time for facing the reality that what happened elsewhere in the world from the influence of a paganizing statism can also happen here.

CHRISTIAN PARTIES

Strong Christian and denominational parties are playing an important and perhaps decisive role in European postwar politics. The recent success at the polls of the Christian Peoples' Party in Norway and the Popular Republican Movement in France illustrates the tendency. Holland has witnessed the emphatic revival of the Protestant and Catholic Parties and Belgium that of the Christian Peoples' Party. Nor do Christian Democrats in Italy, Germany, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia stand idly by, but assert themselves as party members eager to participate in the reconstruction of their countries. Europe's Christians seem determined to get a political hearing.

The denominational political party is not an unmixed blessing. By its very nature it is exposed to the danger of confusing or identifying religious and political issues. With all the good will in the world, one is never quite sure whether the inter-

ests of religion are being subordinated to partisan politics or whether church members are covering up their political mistakes by an appeal to religion. It is one thing to demand that political activities be in accord with the laws of God and nature; it is quite another for church members, grouped together *as such*, to undertake the running of the government. The constant insistence of Popes that Catholic Action is not and cannot be a political party is in harmony with this line of thought.

Within the past few weeks CIP Correspondence offered three statements which crystalize considerable thought on the subject. They are:

1. The renewed strength of Christian parties shows a new awareness on the part of Christians that they cannot abstain from politics without risking the danger that politics will become not only non-religious but anti-religious.
2. Denominational parties, however, while ensuring Christian participation in politics, tend to make religion a political issue and thereby weaken its spiritual and universal mission.
3. The presence of Christians as active members of non-denominational parties affords the best means of Christian participation in politics so long as respect for the rights and freedom of religion is an integral part of political life.

We might add that intelligent and straightforward Christian participation in non-denominational parties is the most logical means of being sure that the government will respect the rights of religion.

Where existing parties are of such a nature as to make membership impossible, a new party is called for. But a new party, respecting moral law, need not be the same thing as a denominational party. Generally speaking, it will be better if it is not.

Even where the circumstances are such that a denominational party might be necessary as a temporary expedient, it cannot hope to succeed unless accompanied by a positive and constructive program for the betterment of the temporal order. The safeguarding of religious interests or mere opposition to evil forces cannot be an effective platform for a political party. The primary concern of political action is the efficient and just government of the country. If that be done the actual number of denominational members in the government might well be considered an indifferent matter.

Finally it is worth noting that oftentimes shortsighted Christians who seek to protect their religious beliefs by direct political action as members of a denominational party, end up by incurring the hatred of the opposition not only for their inevitable political blunders but also for their religious beliefs.

LITERATURE AND ART

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FROM WAR TORN ENGLAND

MARY KIELY

I HAVE JUST COME from a visit to a small collection of books representing British book publishing for children from 1939 through 1945. This collection is housed in the Browsing Room of the Columbia University Library. It is a project of the New York Circle of "Books Across the Sea," a mutual British-American effort to exchange books during the war.

At first it seems incredible that this collection represents truly the children's book production of England even in war years—snippets of paper and colored inks, little, two-inch squares of a dozen or so leaves of colored paper, four- and five-page pamphlets, a small shelf of books in rough, grey paper with cloth bindings wrinkled up by poor glue. But so it is. One can, in fact, follow the progressive intensity of the war by comparing their publication dates with the degrees of flimsiness. The texts are a revelation. What the publishers selected to print reveals the spiritual and intellectual needs of the children of a nation isolated in siege.

When England declared war, the 1939 books were already published. In 1940 there was, of course, cloth and book-paper on hand. Regulation books, with cloth covers, properly paged, bound and stapled, sewn and jacketed, got published. They are well written books, inciting young readers to loyalty and courage and love of country. They have attractive color-jackets and line-drawings in the text. While there is little attempt at design or layouts of originality, typesetters and designers having mostly gone off already to war, yet the types are suitable and of nice size. And English books for older children were never equal to American books in lavishness of decoration and dramatic flair in layout.

The Houses are familiar ones—among them Dent, Black, Hodder and Stoughton, Harrop, Faber and Faber, The Bodley Head, Jonathan Cape and Oxford Press. The texts are timely but cheery: *Visitors From London*, by Kitty Barnes, is dedicated to "Seventeen housemothers of my acquaintance"—an unwritten tale or two in that dedication, no doubt! *Wren Helen Sails South* and *Peggy Speeds the Plough* are for girls of ten and twelve. For boys as well as girls of Junior-High age are *Owls Castle Farm* and *River Holiday*, tales of the new land army. Jonathan Cape published *Borrobill*, by William Dickinson, a tale of magic and brave, true hearts, illustrated in water-color by John Morton-Sale.

When the first of the British children's books bearing the notice "This Book Is Produced in Conformity With The Authorized Economy Standards" was brought to New York, its unbleached paper shocked our publishing houses and editors looked startled. Could this drab, grey piece of print be a sample of what was to come?

It was, indeed, for the British paper situation soon dropped from low to desperate. On December 31, 1940, one direct bomb-hit demolished England's publishing center on Paternoster Row, London. We are told that hundreds of thousands of volumes and stocks burned and smoldered for days. English publishers, however, had to produce books for children. None could see the end and, as we know, their war lasted six years. In six years a child grows from nine years to fifteen, from six years to twelve, from twelve to eighteen—the formative years of life. The publishers set to work.

They utilized wrapping-paper and butcher-paper stocks, and even rescued paper from bombed-out building sites.

At this time there arrived in England from Moscow a Russian children's book, *The Little Tiny Book*. Handling and admiring it, the harassed British publishers promptly proceeded to imitate it. This Russian book measured only 1 3/4" by 2 1/4", was sixteen pages only, including a cover of self-paper. But its cover was inked to color, bright yellow. Against this, black, heavy type showed with clarity. A picture in scarlet and green caught the eye. The little thing looked astonishingly like a book. Just that.

Transatlantic Arts at once tried out a series of tiny, paper booklets called "Bantam Picture Books." They were "Books to Beat The Paper Shortage," time-honored nursery tales and fairy tales such as *Cinderella* and *The House That Jack Built*. They were very small. Chatto and Windus followed suit with the "Midget Books," tuppence each, size 1 1/4" x 2". These, too, are colored paper with little pictures in bright colors on the cover-papers and throughout—"Drawn direct to the plate by the Author and Lithographed in England," reads the legend. Very large type was used in the miniature space and a pleasing, easily read page resulted. This series is for the young child—*The Robin*, *A Chinese Village Girl*, *The Frog*, *In Your Garden* and *Noah's Ark*. One in the toe of a child's Christmas stocking would be a treat in war or peace. They must have been well worth tuppence apiece to many an English mother.

Oxford issued "Little Tiny Books" in a Biblical Series at fourpence each. About 3" x 2 1/2", their cover-pictures are crude, live color: *A Child Is Born*, *Good News*, *Words of Jesus*, *Into All The World* (Saint Paul) and *Stories of the Disciples*.

Our American paper shortage forced many old titles here into temporary retirement. *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Swiss Family Robinson*, for instance, were unobtainable in New York, except pre-war editions in public libraries. How completely the old, familiar stories must have vanished in England where book collections regularly got bombed, year after year, not alone in bookstores but in libraries and children's homes! Raphael Tuck's "Better Little Books" were an attempt to help. These, about thirty pages, approximately 2" x 3" or smaller, carried one or two full-page illustrations. The texts gave bits and tastes and outlines of good, old things: *Little Nell*, *Tiny Tim*, *Little Paul Dombey* among them. Tuck's "Better Little Books" also printed biographies—miniatures, but amazingly meaty and interesting: *Alfred the Great*, *Joan of Arc*, *Christopher Columbus* and others. Collins stoutly printed in pictures and great, big letters *First Stories From Grimm* for nursery tots who could hardly be expected to appreciate that *The Frog Prince* and *Hansel and Gretel* originated in enemy land. Dent titled its series of 4" x 3 1/2" and 4" x 6" reprints, "All Clear Books" or "This Cheerfully Produced Edition of Famous (and New) Stories." Among the authors are beloved Hans Aanrud, A. E. W. Mason and Conan Doyle.

Not all books were midgets. A scattering of regular size was published, in very small lots. Among these latter are two wonderful books. One is an extra-large picture-book from Transatlantic Arts, *Henrietta*, *The Faithful Hen*. The jacket is a scarlet paper over pasteboard and the pictures make one gasp. That so gay and exotic a creation, one so sure to be treasured by any lucky child-owner, could come out of the blitz seems incredible. *Henrietta* is a biddy of

personality. Despite bombs and strange roosts, she carries on nobly and eventually her scratchings uncover a lost Roman City. The other book is *Fables From Russia*, by Ivan Kulov (Oxford). The paper is rough, but the woodcut plates by Grace Huxtable are clear and very good, and some genius in the place gave it Slavic-looking end-papers of terracotta and white; a marvel of fine bookmaking created with little except good taste and ingenuity.

As book format so, too, the content of the creative story and of the fact-books became handmaid to need. We note in texts a tightening grasp on the record of civilization. *How the Gospel Came to Britain* is one such. *Old England at Play* is another, being a volume of plays, including the Coventry Nativity Play, The Yorkshire Shepherds, Everyman, Saint George and the Dragon. *Clover Magic* is a pictured costume biography of England's famous women. Dorothy Mills (Stuart) wrote *A Child's Day through the Ages* with five full-page illustrations and fifty-five detail reproductions from old manuscripts and prints. In *Village and Town* we read not only of caves, wattle huts, baronial manors, the fortified manor, the timber house of various periods, down to the most modern construction today, but the Saxon and Norman church, the Gothic cathedral and, by excellent diagram, plan and color-pictures, we examine roof, arch, buttress, and all the linking history of Britain's Christian architecture. Historic corners of London commenced to disappear under the blitz. Many storied stones became rubble. Quickly the publishers issued books about London, paper-covered of course, but attractively designed, brightly pictured: *A Little Book of London*, *The Tower of London* and *The Children's London*. And the Puffin Picture Book titles, *On the Farm*, *Book of Trains* and *Trees in Britain*, convey fine quality and historic scope in the information they pictured and printed for the bombed children of Britain, reading underground and learning on the run.

Of course, there are the modern achievements: *Fire! Fire!* or *Fire Fighting in Peace and War*, *The Boys' Invasion Book*, Rear Admiral Thursfield's *Epic Deeds of the Navy*, with sixteen half-tone photographs taken as late as 1941 giving it additional punch; *Thrills with the Paratroops*, by Pegasus—all practical books, valorous and of the times. There are intriguing grammar books, one in rhyme. The hobby books, bright, inviting in appearance, must have fulfilled a grave need.

Story books got into the realistic heart of things. Lorna Lewis, in her excellent, typical story, *Tea and Hot Bombs*, says: "These descriptions of the London blitz are drawn from my own experiences while serving with one of the Volunteer Canteen Services."

Oddly, after the bombings ground on for two and three years, stories of fancy and imagination appeared, illustrated with elfin charm: *The Hedgehog's Waistcoat* in black and yellow cover, *The Drowsy Dormouse* in leaf-green cover; and a woodcut picture, *The Doll Who Came Alive*, *The Refugee Mouse* with soft, pretty pictures. Michael Williams' collection, *Modern Verse for Little Children*, was issued for five- to eight-year-olds, and T. S.

Eliot's own nonsense rhymes appeared in *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*.

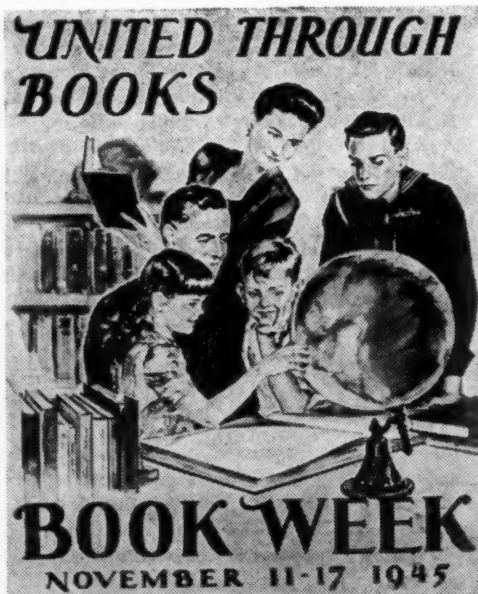
Inevitably, even in so expedient a publishing venture as all this, some writing of the stuff that endures came along. *Borrobill*, by Dickinson, mentioned earlier, is one such literary find, as is C. Day Lewis' *Poetry for You*, published from Basil Blackwell in 1944, while the mindless, ugly robot bombs screamed overhead. This latter book is not in the manner of our Auslander and Hill's *Winged Horse*, but a much subtler, more intimate affair. It handles the spirit and the very creation of poetry, telling us "How A Poem Is Made," its "Moods, Visions and Seasons," all characterized by Lewis' genius for the light, probing touch, his spiritual vitality.

Methuen, too, produced a book for the years, an adaptation by Rose Fyleman of *Punch and Judy*. Chesterton once insisted that so long as there is England there must be Punch and Judy, and Maurice Baring in a pithy essay has declared Punch and Judy the root of English drama and more effective than many branches. Miss Fyleman's is a transcript made by Payne Collier of the puppet show given by Piccini at Covent Garden in 1828, published at that time by Messrs. George Bell and Sons with sketches by George Cruickshank. There are sixteen full-page illustrations by Paul Henning in deep color photography of Hellmuth Weissenborn's puppets, made apparently from the old Cruickshank sketches. Rose Fyleman's play is England's "Punch and Judy" unvarnished, good, old roustabout Punch and wily Judy, and the Devil who invariably gets his proper comeuppance at the uproarious end.

All this publishing England managed for her children in a holocaust of death and terror is a miracle. Many books after 1941 bore this appeal: "Do you realize that in order to maintain book production many craftsmen have come out of retirement? The Printers' Pension Corporation has promised to help these people when they retire again. . . . Will you show your gratitude by sending a donation?" Printers with the shaky hands of very old age worked in establishments often clogged with debris or fallen walls. They worked with types and fonts and paper stocks that many times were destroyed and melted and burned up overnight. Working in

the cold and damp, so hard for the old to endure, they manipulated bits of unbleached and coarse, wrong-grained papers, handled color-inks and set plates and managed some graceful, even brilliant layouts. But the whole, bitter hardness of their manufacturing problem is on the shelves before us. For these books are, at their best, hardly books. Mostly they are only little sheaves of colored papers.

Handle them with reverence, astonished and incredulous friend. They are frail only in appearance. They may look like nothing more than the little, folded notes children concoct out of scrap paper and crayon for the bookcase and parlor of the doll's house. But they are the historic and heroic effort of the people of England to keep alive for their children books, and the power and beauty and pleasure of the written word.



AMERICA'S annual survey of children's books will appear next week.

BOOKS

OCCIDENTAL MUSE

AMERICA IS WEST, *An Anthology of Middle-Western Life and Literature*. Edited by John T. Flanagan. University of Minnesota Press. \$3.75

THE COMPILATION OF AN ANTHOLOGY is not simple. The difficulties of the anthologist depend primarily upon the intention of the anthology itself. Whether it is for professional use, classroom use, for the general public should determine not only the kind, length, level and number of selections, but also the apparatus that surrounds the book proper—the tone of the introduction and headnotes, the inclusion of bibliographies, documentation, even the format.

Examination of the contents of this anthology corroborates the impression given by its catchy title that this is not "just another anthology." As an anthology of regional writings, it supplies much that cannot be found elsewhere in one volume, and it is therefore a very valuable reference tool. Nevertheless it is not easy to point out the *modus operandi*. Professor Flanagan says that "the subject of this book is the heartland of America," and goes on to note the complex culture of the Midwest, the impact of which "has been felt outside the boundaries of the nation. Perhaps," he concludes, "this anthology will help to explain why." Whether it does explain why will depend not so much on Professor Flanagan's assistance as upon the reader's own background, a rather special background, it is feared, through and by which the reader can place these writings in accordance with some hypothesis of his own.

Any criticism of this anthology is not, then, directed to its selections. Indeed, many teachers of American Literature will remember the note of some months ago in which Professor Flanagan asked for suggestions of titles and authors for inclusion in this work, suggestions which have given the book its wide scope and range. The selections are there, but one cannot help but wish that the editor had provided a point of view through which these regional writings could be evaluated and measured. Perhaps the hypothesis which will unify this anthology will be forthcoming in the history of Middle-Western literature upon which Professor Flanagan is at work.

C. CARROLL HOLLIS

RECENT POETRY

RIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE. By Robert Farren. Sheed and Ward. \$2

THE FLOWERING TREE. By Caryll Houselander. Sheed and Ward. \$2

A PENITENTIAL PRIMER. By Katherine Hoskins. The Cummings Press. \$2

THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS. By Oscar Williams. Creative Age Press. \$2

BALLAD OF THE BONES AND OTHER POEMS. By Byron Herbert Reese. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2

SHORT IS THE TIME. By C. Day Lewis. Oxford University Press. \$2.25

LINEAL DESCENDANT of those spontaneous singers whom he celebrates so jauntily in the title-poem of this volume, Robert Farren here proves himself a mature and masterful poet. He has a fine, perceptive tenderness and a gift of unforgettable phrase, both of them exemplified in his reference to the Dublin deaf-mutes as "harpers plucking behind glass." In a world of poetic jeremiads on the collapse

of civilization, he does not hesitate to call back into verse that temporary exile, humor. "Nacht-Musik" and "Prayer of a Father" are warm and witty; "Hic Tacet," on the other hand, tragic and ironic. The "poetic play" entitled "Lost Light" (produced in the Abbey Theatre, 1943) is strong, psychologically subtle, with good characterization, sustained dialog and explosive emotion.

It is extremely difficult to keep theological poetry alive, warm and pliant; it can easily melt into pietism and become cadenced sentimentality or stiffen into technical clichés and emerge as a rhymed recension of the catechism. Miss Houselander is to be congratulated on her luminous presentation of some of the great truths. She has realized them with rare insight and has worked out a melodious and extremely malleable system of "rhythms" to express them. Her poetic theory (revealed in a letter to Maisie Ward, which is printed as preface to this volume) is an interesting sidelight on Bremond. We are all part "of a vast rhythm," she says, and inner advertence to this makes one conscious of that rhythm and helps one to pray. Whatever one may think of the theory, Miss Houselander has admirably demonstrated it in this series of penetrations into the systole and diastole at the great heart of things.

Almost fifteen years ago, G. K. Chesterton deplored an "unsocial quality in the intellect" and pointed out that the literary overflow of this was "verbal eccentricity." In another critical paper of the same period, he lamented the disappearance of "a relative and reasonable degree of sympathy between the world and its works of art." Katherine Hoskins' poetry recalled these statements. One would not mind that her work is elliptic and difficult if, after reasonable effort, one could be sure of the meaning. Some of her concepts are deep and strong, she has the gift of language; but the resulting poetry is so cabalistically coy that one might well feel that the intellectual investment in it was heavy, the return relatively light. The poet is not above occasional bathos, as in the fatuously solemn statement of theme in "Absolution" or the ingenuous phrase in "Youngness"—"paddle in wavelets of eternity."

The poetry of Oscar Williams is heralded by his publishers "as having a particular significance for our time." Obviously not overburdened with that intrinsic significance vulgarly called "meaning," it may perhaps be extrinsically significant as a spectacular example of that modern poetic mind which so loathes the pedestrian attribute of clarity. The divorce between logic and imagination is complete. Not for Mr. Williams the Emersonian hobgoblin of small minds. His metaphors are not only mixed; they are a roaring maelstrom of contradictions into which meaning is sucked and submerged. He has poetic gifts: a discerning eye, a susceptible soul, "an emblematic intellect," but all these faculties are independent; there is no coordinating central control to unite and direct them. The result is a series of disjointed chords, often atonal, sometimes brilliant, again merely bizarre. But these separate chords are without symphonic integration.

The apparent artlessness of the ballad has deceived many a *flâneur*, for it is a most difficult and challenging form. Modern poetry has few great ballads and it may be that sophistication has suffocated that "blending of story and song," in Bliss Perry's phrase, which is required. "Ballads sprang from the very heart of the people," wrote Andrew Lang and Mr. Reece's ballads recall the remark. For they are truly great; his narrative economy is swift and func-

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tional, his subjects the old immemorial materials of tragedy; and his verse reminds one that the term "Ballad" is derived from the word meaning "to dance." His shorter verses are by comparison tenuous in thought and merely competent, as though the bardic imagination found itself cramped in such narrow quarters. The moral immaturity and petulance of "If Only Lovers" is a pitiful lapse. The verse restates the old wishful fallacy that "love" (a euphemism for fornication) is all right and it is only the malicious gossip of the "small mind" which befouls it. In "Elbows on the Sky," for all its cosmic title, Mr. Reece's horizons are his own eyelids.

With steel-edged sensitiveness, through five books of poetry (the last two of them combined to form this volume), C. Day Lewis has been one of the most articulate of those who were "born into a still unsweetened world." Inheritor and interpreter of the first war's bitter legacy, poetic analyst (in the T. S. Eliot manner) of the intervening ferment, active witness to a second, deadlier outburst of savagery, Mr. Lewis has gone through quite an intellectual evolution. With conscious superficiality one might describe it as a journey from indignation through disillusionment to something perilously like despair. True, "Self-Criticism and Answer" is reminiscent of his earlier work, but "Regency Houses" and "O Dreams, O Destinations" seems more representative of his present state of mind. Mr. Lewis' poetic idiom is as modern as a headline and sometimes just as bleak. But there can be no doubt of his poetic competence. One searches in vain for any solid and consistent philosophy underlying these poems, though one can suspect an ideology lurking beneath the otherwise splendid sea-narrative, "The Nabara."

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

A FINE WAR NOVEL

MOST SECRET. By Nevil Shute. William Morrow and Co. \$2.50

THERE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE many fine volumes written out of this war. None, however, will surpass Nevil Shute's latest offering for interest and sheer story-telling ability. The forces which move in and out of this story are so thoroughly human that the reader will live every moment of the exciting adventures which bring together four very different, but very likable characters.

Charles Simon is a British subject who has spent most of his life in France. As a major assistant in a large cement factory in Corbeil during the German occupation, he co-operated peacefully with the conquerors of his adopted country, producing cement for the submarine pens at Lorient and for other fortifications. One day he discovered how terribly brutal the enemy could be and, in a fit of utter disgust from which he never recovered, he gave himself up to some English commandos in the midst of a raid. He asked only that he be taken to England that he might combat the fury which he had seen unleashed against the Bretons. It was the beginning of a new and thrilling life for Charles Simon. As master of a deserted fishing ship he sailed with Oliver Boden, Michael Rhodes and John Colvin to harass the Germans along the French coast and to rebuild the shattered morale of the French at Douarnenez.

These thrusts at the enemy, with flame-throwers as the major weapon, make up the substance of the story. The preparations for the assault, the actual destruction of the foe and the returns to England are told with vivid tenseness. No long-overdue war communique could create greater expectancy. These men asked for action, and Nevil Shute has seen to it that they and we have it aplenty.

The story moves swiftly as these four soldiers-turned-sailors briskly carry out their roles in the war, each with his own personal account to be settled.

Nevil Shute is a master of character delineation. He knows the human as well as the inhuman side of war and warriors. With all the freshness of a modern Chaucer he spins his tale, sustaining a keen interest in all the details of his fable up to the very end.

Most Secret is most human. It is thrilling; it is grim; it is absorbing; it is wholesome. JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

OUT OF CARNAGE. By Alexander R. Griffin. Howell, Soskin and Co. \$3

THROUGHOUT THE WAR, and especially now that the official ban of censorship has been lifted, we have been reading accounts of the work of those men whose task it is, in the midst of bloodshed and violence, to save life. The author has gathered together into his book a comprehensive survey of the various phases of that activity. He treats in several chapters of new medical drugs and techniques. It is, however, done simply and clearly in a popular style, quite intelligible to the layman. Nor does he confine himself to the activities of the Medical Corps. Body armor, air-sea rescue, emergency equipment and instruction for survival on the sea, in the jungle and the desert, are also described. In this section, liberal quotations are given from the Army Air Forces booklet, *Survival*.

In treating of such things as Penicillin, DDT, Blood Plasma and Ice Therapy, a brief history of their origins and development is given by way of background. The chapter "Soul Surgery" is especially appropriate at this time when writers, forced by the termination of hostilities to turn from accounts of combat to the psychological problems of the returning serviceman, have, by their sensational treatment of the problems of the psychoneurotic, doubtless raised apprehension in the minds of many families whose sons are overseas. RICHARD J. ANABLE

MEN UNDER STRESS. By Lt. Col. Roy R. Grinker, M.C. and Maj. John P. Spiegel, M.C. Blakiston, Philadelphia. \$4

HOW DID AMERICAN MEN stand up under the grueling conditions of air combat? Rumors provided appalling answers. Chance meetings with some returning casualty seemed to confirm the rumor. *Men Under Stress* is the answer—a partial one, as it deals primarily with the casualties. The book is largely a case history told against the background of the men themselves, their selection, the dynamics of the combat crews and the general morale of the Army Air Service.

No normal human being is absolutely immune to fear or anxiety, given the proper amount of stimulation. Fear may be serviceable and is, when it leads to the mobilization of all our resources. But anxiety, especially of the neurotic sort, is either paralyzing or may lead to childish regressions of various kinds and a flight from reality. Some airmen, with a similar past history, succumb earlier and more easily to the multiple threats of air combat. Others have a higher threshold and can tolerate much more and come back for more. Others still can feel the fear and anxiety and yet avoid disintegration.

The authors enumerate many of the various factors that may help to postpone or eliminate the debacle. Great courage and unselfishness (the authors call this a strong Ego), justified confidence and pride in the performance and continued success of one's combat crew and the equipment, immunity in previous missions, however harrowing, strong sense of

A CONDUCTED TOUR

Here is the honest record of the personal experience of a Polish woman who, together with her semi-invalid mother and fifteen-year-old sister, was deported to Kazakhstan at the time of the Soviet occupation of Poland. The author, Miss Ada Halpern, was educated in Lwow and Geneva. She was organizing secretary of the Conférence Internationale des Sciences Mathématiques, a body promoting collaboration between scientists from different countries. At the time of her deportation she was an actuary for an insurance company in Lwow. At no time had she been interested in politics nor is she at present concerned with the essential legitimacy of the deportation as a political expedient.

CONDUCTED TOUR is based upon the diary which she kept during the period of her deportation. Her narrative is extraordinary for its justice, its precision, its complete lack of bitterness. The book contains no incident of sadistic treatment of the deported upon the part of the Russians, and she is careful to record instances of Russian kindness, of misbehavior on the part of her own people. There is even gaiety because of small benefits, humor when she is obliged to report the most astounding absurdities. What emerges is the sheer weight of inefficiency and improvidence on the part of "authorities," often men whose responsibilities far exceeded their intellectual and moral resources.

This book was first published in England. Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone, M.P., says in her preface:

We cannot say "this is no business of ours." The Poles were among our first allies. They fought valiantly by our side for nearly two years before the Russians were forced into the war. Now that we are pledged to twenty years of friendship and co-operation with Russia, we can only follow the advice said to have been given by Marshal Stalin to the British M.P.'s who recently visited there "to speak the truth about us; say what you really think." Nothing can exceed the frankness of our criticism of our own Government when we see reason for it. We cannot remain silent when the behaviour of a great Ally towards a less Ally seems to us unjust. . . . A special responsibility rests on those of us who cannot be suspected of anti-Russian prejudice, to show that friendship does not make us close our eyes to injustice and that we intend to exercise the candour of true friends.

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duty, warranted confidence in directive leadership, a history of love and security in early life—all these and other factors help to allay anxiety and enable a man to withstand it or stand more of it. The opposites of these factors prepare the way for capitulation.

Some men break in direct combat; others after the ordeal is over. Neurosis is the result in some men, while others develop psychotic-like states or resort to hysterical maneuvers.

The authors maintain that the war neuroses do not differ essentially from those "made in America," though they vary in details. If the cases cited are characteristic of the neurotics met, there seems little warrant for the slavishly Freudian conclusion that "the sexual drives whose energy we term the 'libido,' in the broadest sense of the term, are as significantly involved in the production of war neuroses as in that of any psychoneurosis" (p. 355).

The interesting chapters on the treatment of casualties show how much psychiatry has advanced in this war, how many the gains for its peacetime career will be. The speedy methods, born of grim necessity, will possibly revolutionize psychiatric practice. I think here of narcosynthesis particularly.

It is charitable to suppose that the particular cases handled by the authors offered them little opportunity to study more effectively the impact of religion upon attacks of anxiety and fear and its undoubted role in the integration of personality. This lack makes the work incomplete. But then the authors, with a theoretically Freudian background, would hardly be able to explain the true function of religion. For one of Freud's chiefest blind-spots was his attitude toward religion.

HUGH J. BIHLER

JAPAN AND THE SON OF HEAVEN. By Willard Price.
Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. \$2.75.

CARE TO READ A BOOK about Hirohito (pronounced Hirosh-toh) written by his next-door neighbor? For five years Willard Price live so close to the grounds of the Emperor's summer palace at Hayama, thirty miles from Tokyo, that "the pines of the palace garden cut the glare of the morning sun on our second-floor windows." He was able to observe Hirohito as the latter swam a short distance away, and as he walked about the lawn of the summer palace. Into thirty interesting chapters the author has compressed all the information that he was able to collect relative to the Emperor's place in Japanese life. Just as Price finished his book, Japan surrendered. When the Allies decided to retain the Emperor, the book became particularly timely, since the author is convinced that even a temporary retention of the Emperor is a great mistake.

Very briefly, here are some of the viewpoints effectively presented: To make use of the Emperor would convince the Japanese that they had not actually lost the war, since the Emperor is the State; although Hirohito has consistently desired peace, he has nevertheless equally consistently endorsed war, and is therefore guilty of the wars that have been launched by Japan; the Emperor cannot be divorced from the militarists, since the Japanese conceive of the army as the personal instrument of the Emperor; Hirohito is even more guilty than the militarists, since while they believed in war as an instrument of national policy he did not, but nevertheless he took no effective steps to prevent war; accepting his son, Akihito, would be as unwise as retaining the father, since a new Japan cannot emerge until the Emperor and Emperor-worship have disappeared; the military class

and the half-dozen rich families in Japan must be deprived of all influence; the military occupation of Japan must last twenty and perhaps forty years, but a small number of troops may suffice; Japanese history must be entirely rewritten and its myths repudiated if the people are to take their first steps toward self-government, for which Willard Price considers them eminently capable.

The author believes that a new Japan can emerge; one which will be an asset, not a threat to the world. His arguments are decidedly convincing; read the book if you're looking for something sane on Japan, for a change.

PAUL KINIERY

SHAKESPEARE AND THE POPULAR DRAMATIC TRADITION.

By S. L. Bethell. Duke University Press. \$3

A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE is at once a work of art, a poem, a drama; as art there is in the play submission to rules, and unity; as poem there are language and thought; as drama there are motivation and action. Read the play as drama merely, you get story and excitement; read it as poem merely, you get exhilaration and music; read it as art merely, you get awry. A play of Shakespeare is an imitation of life; read it as such and you get art, poetry, drama and Shakespeare; you get Aristotle; you get the popular dramatic tradition, and imagination bodying forth the beating mind.

Art is not deception, not actuality, not life. It is a conventionalized representation of life. The audience of Shakespeare's day took a play for a play, enjoyed it; took verse for convention, loved it. That audience was conscious of play as play, of art as art, of poetry as poetry, of life as life; it was multi-conscious, conscious of differing planes of reality. Shakespeare gave that audience plenty to be conscious of—the packed metaphors, the distilled gnomes, the dramatic metres: body, soul, life, death, immortality, time, God. He gave them passion, gave them life. From the misshapen chaos of life he fashioned well-seeming forms of art.

Mr. Bethell's book has given rise to these observations. His scholarly explication is not expiscation, but reasoned interpretation, an interpretation which adds to Bradley's, changes it rather; betters Schücking's; passes Stoll's. Important for impressiveness are the chapters headed: "Conventionalism and Naturalism," "Planes of Reality," "Further Ramifications of Multi-Consciousness." In the light of the author's psychology, Shakespeare's art is seen to be natural, not naturalism; his poetry is seen to be truth, not abstraction; his imitation not deceit. Discreet experiences of art and life enrapture the reader of Shakespeare if he reads as Mr. Bethell does.

CAROL L. BERNHARDT

MARY KIELY has long been active in bringing good books for children to the attention of the public, at first as a librarian, more recently in connection with the Pro Parvulis Book Club. She is a recognized expert in the field of juvenile literature.

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THEATRE

A CURE FOR HIT FEVER. I hear that three distinguished women of the stage—Margaret Webster, Eva Le Gallienne and Cheryl Crawford—are making an effort to establish a repertory theatre in New York, and that success has almost rewarded their labor. The need for repertory theatre is as conspicuous as the Empire State Building on the Manhattan skyline. Our stage would be definitely healthier if there were not just one but three or four ably managed repertory theatres in the city.

Such theatres might provide an efficient antidote for hit-fever, a malady rapidly assuming the seriousness of a pestilence. Twenty-four productions are advertised in this morning's *Times*; eight plays and eight musicals are holdovers from last year or an earlier season. Two-thirds of present productions are everlasting hits, apparently destined to remain current world without end. As I have seen rather less than half of the perennial hits, I can submit only a partial report on their merits. The seven holdovers I have seen are undeniably top-drawer attractions, well deserving their success. In some instances, however, their success exceeds their quality. But that is not my point. What disturbs me is the deleterious effect of hit-madness on the stage—and audiences.

It is already apparent that every producer wants an *Oklahoma*, every playwright tries for a *Life With Father*, while the city-wide audience has become hit-crazy. A similar situation, so far as I know, exists in no other art. Every sensible painter knows that, while his genius may be less than that of Rembrandt, he can still earn what his canvases are worth in appreciation and money so long as his work is sound. A musician is under no compulsion to surpass Chopin or Gershwin. But hit-fever threatens to make the theatre the Monte Carlo of the arts. Authors and producers are falling into an "all or nothing," "shoot the piece" attitude. Audiences, encouraged, I hate to say, by the contemporary crop of critics, expect every production to be a standout.

The set-up is made to order for the brummagem author and the adventurous producer. The former writes a sex story, disguised as a prep-school play, knowing he has little to lose if it flops. The latter finances the production, with the knowledge that if it fails to click he can write off the loss in his income tax. If the thing happens to catch public fancy, author and producer hit the jackpot.

A set-up that favors the fake author, the gambling producer and the hit-crazy audience is obviously unfavorable to the sincere author, the conscientious producer and discriminating theatregoers. Producers are becoming increasingly less interested in intermediate success. They present a production Tuesday night and, if the stampede toward the box-office is not in full swing by Saturday, they close the show.

An intelligently directed repertory theatre would not have produced *The Assassin* or *The Next Half Hour* expecting them to compete with *Harvey* or *I Remember Mamma*. Such plays would be scheduled to run for six or eight weeks, giving the sensible fraction of the public an opportunity to enjoy them, or at least pass judgment on their merits. If they showed signs of becoming hits, they could be turned over, for a price, to a commercial producer.

It would be the function, or one of the functions, of a repertory theatre to provide an island of normalcy where genuine theatre-lovers could contemplate their favored art without waiting eight weeks to see a production and, after seeing it, wait eight years until the theatre becomes available for another show. I hope the triumvirate of ladies gets the project started—but soon.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

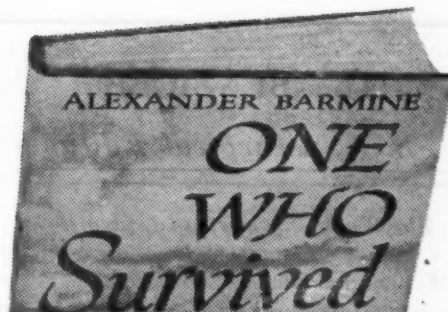
FILMS

THIS LOVE OF OURS. A play by Pirandello—*As Before, Better Than Before*—supplies the material for this picture; and in reporting on the offering it must be stated that it is an unabashed tear-jerker, the kind based on frustrated mother love. Merle Oberon is the heroine of a sentimental story in which the jealous husband spoils an idyllic marriage. Starting in Paris, the film traces the courtship of the amorous pair, their marriage and early wedded happiness. Hearing some gossip in a bakeshop, the husband flies into a rage, waits for no explanation and takes his small daughter to America where he achieves fame as a research scientist. Years later, in a most theatrical setting, the husband and wife meet again. The father then has the job of trying to make his daughter accept her supposed stepmother, because he had saturated the child with silly sentimentality about her supposedly dead mother. The melodramatic finale does not seem to ring true to Pirandello. Charles Korvin, newly come from Europe, has the husband's role, to which he lends an attractive and rather different air. As a temperamental cartoonist who befriends the lonely heroine, Claude Rains gives an outstanding delineation; Merle Oberon injects as much realism as she can into a not very real character; William Dieterle has directed the picture intelligently. *Adults* will find this pleasantly diverting. (*Universal*)

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. In an undistinguished spy thriller, marked by undistinguished performances, the most undistinguished acting is contributed by Lauren Bacall. This girl who made cinemagoers take notice in her first vehicle, if judged by her current effort, was a flash in the pan. A Graham Greene story built around intrigue in the Spanish Civil War emerges as a dull, often boring spy melodrama as it unwinds the hectic adventures of a Loyalist agent commissioned to buy coal in England. Many threads are left hanging loose while we follow the trail of Charles Boyer in his attempts to fulfill a hazardous mission: Of course, the picture takes sides with the Loyalist cause. Mr. Boyer was never as inadequate as he seems in this role. Katina Paximou, Peter Lorre, Victor Francen and George Coulouris contribute some menacing bits of acting. On its dramatic side, the film never manages to be forceful or breathtaking, though it tries hard to do both. Morally it is objectionable since it tends to condone the hero's taking the law into his own hands. It may divert some *adults*. (*Warner Brothers*)

FALLEN ANGEL. Coming out of screen retirement, Alice Faye appears in something quite different from her usual media; she stars in a murder melodrama. As a wealthy small-town girl, she marries a good-for-nothing fellow (Dana Andrews) who wants her money to spend on Linda Darnell, a lady of questionable morals. When one of her numerous admirers kills the latter, things look bad for the husband, who finds himself among the suspects. The detecting of the criminal provides the only sustained interest in the film for, on the whole, the offering is neither smooth nor arresting. Because it treats marriage lightly and reflects the acceptability of divorce, the picture merits an *objectionable* rating. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

PURSUIT TO ALGIERS. Sherlock Holmes pursues his usual occupation on shipboard this time, when he assists a crown prince in his return to a Balkan kingdom. Naturally there are some missing jewels, too, but our keen-eyed friend uncovers the gems before the fade-out. The usual cast, including Basil Rathbone and Nigel, is present. All the *family* will find this passable. (*Universal*) MARY SHERIDAN



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PARADE

The week's display of human behavior exhibited a wide variety of patterns. . . . Weak control was observed. . . . In California, an usherette heard a joke, began to laugh, did not stop. The theatre manager removed her to the office, where she continued laughing loudly. An ambulance arrived, took her to a hospital, where doctors treated her for hours before her laughter could be slowed down. Asked what was the joke, she said she could not remember. . . . Sea life showed aggressive tendencies. A North Carolina doctor on an angling expedition was yanked out of his boat by a fish. Eventually, however, the doctor got away. . . . Jumping at conclusions continued. . . . Mistaken for a lunatic, a California deputy sheriff was locked up in a psychopathic ward. Passing attendants at whom he screamed: "Let me out. I'm a deputy sheriff," smiled indulgently and passed on. Hours slipped by before the harassed sheriff again mixed with the so-called sane. . . . An extraordinary attitude toward marriage was unearthed in upper New York State. An expert on explosives there, who is at the same time a bachelor and ninety years old, explained his bachelor status thus: "There's the good ones and the bad ones. If you get a bad one, it's worse than nitro-glycerine, so I took the lesser of two evils and stuck to explosives and I haven't had an accident yet."

The incidents enumerated are on the unusual, indeed even abnormal, side. . . . One may conjecture what a bizarre world this would be if they were the ordinary rather than the extraordinary thing. . . . What a difficult, perhaps even impossible, life this would be if the marathon laughter of the usherette were a run-of-the-mill occurrence. . . . We may envisage the social milieu in such a supposition. . . . The subway coaches, the surface cars shudder with the loud, unending laughter of the rush-hour crowds poring over the comics. . . . Hysterical throngs push through the streets. . . . Drivers, with sides splitting, try to maneuver the autos. . . . A small joke, like a sort-of atomic bomb, destroys a whole day's work in an office. . . . Railroad stations every so often post strange signs: "Overland Limited delayed. All available engineers and firemen have heard jokes." . . . The behavior of fish is definitely discouraging to the angler. . . . On the rivers, lakes, ocean, fish are jerking men out of boats. The waters are dotted with men struggling to get away from fish. . . . Psychopathic institutions are jam-packed with same people mistakenly incarcerated. Cries of: "Let me out. I'm sane," are greeted with derisive: "Sez you" retorts from attendants. . . . All over the scene men explain in interviews why they never married. . . . "Marriage is too dangerous. I prefer a quiet, safe life tinkering with atomic bombs."

The picture is fantastic, nay impossible, objectors may urge. . . . But why? . . . Why is it impossible? . . . If one human being can be affected by a joke the way the usherette was, why cannot thousands, millions be similarly affected? . . . If one fish yanked one man out of a boat, why cannot swarms of fish yank swarms of men in like manner? . . . Why are not great numbers of sane persons erroneously confined in lunatic asylums? . . . Some men do refrain from marrying. . . . Why does not the majority of men refrain? . . . There has to be a reason why these things do not happen. . . . And there is. . . . An all-wise Providence, presiding over the affairs of men, sees to it that things do not happen in such a way. . . . Whole nations are never seized with hysterical laughter. . . . Fish do not catch men. . . . Most human beings enter the married state . . . The abnormal ever remains the abnormal.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

INTERRACIAL TEACHING NEEDED

EDITOR: I should like to bring to the attention of your readers who are not subscribers to the *Interracial Review* a recent article in that magazine by Sister Gerard Joseph of the College of Saint Teresa, Kansas City, Missouri, entitled "What! Add Another Course?" It partially supplies an answer toward a workable beginning in infusing the minds of both Catholic teachers and students with the correct Catholic doctrine on this subject. For instance, the author of this article says: "How few children have ever read in their textbooks that a Negro pilot landed Columbus safely on this continent and that Jewish physicians cared for the health of all on board the three daring vessels." All these articles do much to help erase that unhappy ethical blind spot in so many Catholic souls who fail to see their personal responsibility in this particular apostolate.

All of these articles and this initial activity, I believe, warrant the need of an active central interracial bureau in the National Catholic Welfare Conference at Washington, D.C., which would promote stimulus, give strong direction and collect and disseminate information. Incidentally, if there had been set up long ago a central bureau of apologetic work there would be small need today to explain to a minority that other minorities need sympathy and understanding and assistance, also.

Washington, D. C.

MATTHEW A. MCKAVITT
Catholic Interracial Council

LATIN AMERICAN QUESTIONS

EDITOR: Among the *Comments on the Week* in the October 27 issue of AMERICA I noted two paragraphs dealing with Latin America. The statements found there are similar to many other misunderstandings due to the false American point of view about the problems existing South of the Rio Grande. If we Latin Americans were to take exception to all such statements, we should be taking exception practically all the time. By now, even in spite of—or maybe because of—the Good Neighbor policy, we are growing accustomed to a great deal of misleading "information" about the Central and South American republics.

May I, nevertheless, take the liberty of presenting for your consideration some questions which eventually might receive an answer in the pages of AMERICA?

Is Cuba's dissent considered laudable or blameworthy? Are the opposition to the Yalta formula and the hope for its eventual repeal manifestations of selfish stubbornness, or are they rather courageous voices calling for the superiority of right and reason against brute force and tyranny? Are the Americans, especially those who are not bound by any political compromises but by the position they hold (teachers, writers, publishers, etc.)—are they really satisfied with the Yalta formula and the veto prerogatives of the Big One (you say: "Big Five") among the Big Five in the Security Council?

I ask these questions because I had a different idea about the Yalta formula and the veto business in San Francisco, and I wonder if anybody in this land of liberty has accepted them as failures. And even there in your *Cuba Still Dissents* paragraph, I am not sure if I understand what your opinion really is.

Let me ask a couple of questions about the Argentine

Tragi-Comedy paragraph. Do you consider both as tragic and comic the actual situation in Argentina, taking it in itself independently of journalistic technique? If so, what cause might be pointed out as responsible for these events? Are they a result of Argentina's friendship with the German and Italian peoples, or are they the consequence of its isolationism amid the concert of American republics? What was the effect produced in the internal politics of Argentina by postponing *sine die* the meeting of American Foreign Ministers—a decision taken and imposed by the United States without even consulting the other members of the continent, and that after Rio, Chapultepec, and San Francisco?

I ask these questions because, as I mentioned before, I had different ideas about these points, and I find it hard to see such comments in a high-level, cultural, Catholic Review. I have received from the study of Vitoria and Suarez regarding the principles, and from the study of Barcia Trelles, de la Brière, Le Fur, Folliet and del Vecchio regarding the development and application of them, different concepts about the Community of Nations and the equality of rights with due respect to the small nations. Finally, I do not think I am wrong when I seem to read these same principles and applications in the *Summi Pontificatus* of Pius XII.

IGNACIO GOMEZ ROBLEDO, S.J.

West Baden Springs, Ind.

IDEA OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE

EDITOR: I owe AMERICA a debt of thanks for calling my attention to John Julian Ryan's *The Idea of a Catholic College* through your book review in the June 23 number, and through the correspondence of Sgt. Troy, Fr. Farrell and Professor Ryan in your issues dated August 25 and Sept. 8.

Chapter 5 on "Skill" surpasses anything that I have ever studied on the scholastic concept of art. I really profited more from it than from anything that I have read in Saint Thomas, Eric Gill or Jacques Maritain on that subject. And Professor Ryan's analysis of skill makes those of us interested in the liberal arts more tolerant of professional and vocational education. Then, too, chapter 7 on "The Teacher" must probably be ranked among the best things ever written about the teacher, better even than most of the classic writings of the Fathers of the Church and of the medieval scholastics.

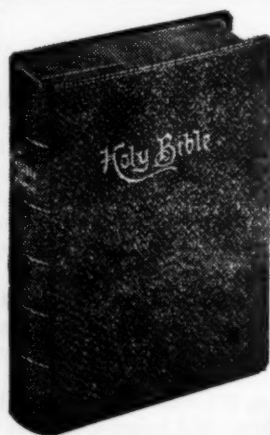
At the same time, though I want a most Catholic college, I disagree that Professor Ryan has found the right kind of college. In his letter in your magazine he professed that he wrote his book to get something done, not merely to get his ideas discussed. But what if his ideas are not valid? Isn't he assuming that they are? He calls his book a blueprint. But details are very important in a blueprint. My opinion is that many of his details are inadequate, and some of them even wrong.

Therefore, I beg, please discuss this idea of a Catholic college before we do anything about it.

Chicago, Illinois

BERNARD WUELLNER, S.J.

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with the Writer. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)



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THE WORD

I have often thought—and who has not—of the effect our Catholic teachings would have upon our neighbor if we spoke of them more freely and simply to everyone whom we meet. Often you find simple, uneducated people, some workman, some lay brother in a religious Order, who puts the learned to shame by the freedom and ease with which he communicates his knowledge of the Faith.

Why, after all, is our Catholic teaching not more listened to? Why do the 23 million Catholics in the United States not exert more spiritual influence upon the pagan world around us? Surely it is not because people's ears are all closed. Millions are hungry for the crumbs that can fall from our spiritual table.

The early Christians were few. Their social influence was nil. They were scattered and insignificant, but they were so effective that they conquered a vast pagan world. The parable Our Lord uses in today's Gospel, of the Mustard Seed that grows into a great sturdy, vigorous bush, is a figure of the power of that early Christian teaching.

The mustard seed is tiny, but it is pungent and powerful. The teachings of our Faith to the materialist seem slight and unworldly, yet give them but half a chance in the battle with error, give but a quarter of a chance for a hearing, and they will win out.

No, our chief difficulty is that we do not give to people our Faith in all its fulness. That was the word used by Saint Paul (I Thess. 1: 2-10). The Gospel he preached, he says, was preached in power in the "Holy Spirit" and in "much fulness." What was the effect? "You have turned to God from idols," he said, "to the living and true God . . . and so you became imitators of me and of the Lord."

Here is our trouble. We love our Faith, we are ready to die for it, and yet we keep hidden its vast wealth of teachings, its fulness in the sense of its riches, its variety, its freshness and novelty, even though it remains the unchanged message of Jesus Christ. Because we keep these things hidden, enemies of the Faith have appropriated so many of our great teachings: our great doctrine, for instance, of the unity and fraternity of mankind, of the liberty and dignity of the individual, of the beauty of the Christian family, of the sanctity of the home. They have dressed up these doctrines, torn them away from the context and have made them in some way engines against God and against His Church. Why has this happened? Because we have failed either to know the riches of our Faith or to communicate them to others.

Can we fall short of preaching the fulness of our Faith when we don't bring our Faith into the fulness of life? We make our religion a Sunday religion and forget about it during the busy working days. We are afraid to bring our Faith into public life, to apply its teachings to the great public, civic responsibilities. Its fulness will only be seen and will only then captivate and overpower men's hearts when it is brought out into every phase of public and private life.

And yet our holy teachings are all centered in the great mystery which is the supreme treasure of our religion, the Holy Sacrifice of the Eucharist.

What, then, is the remedy for this stinginess and timidity on our part? Obviously that we should know our Faith much better than we do. But taking that for granted, we should have no hesitation to bring it into our daily conversation, tell of what we know, give to a starving world of what is ours.

JOHN LaFARGE

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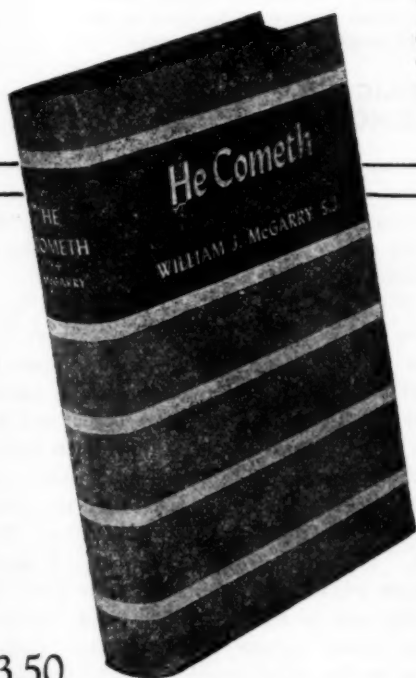
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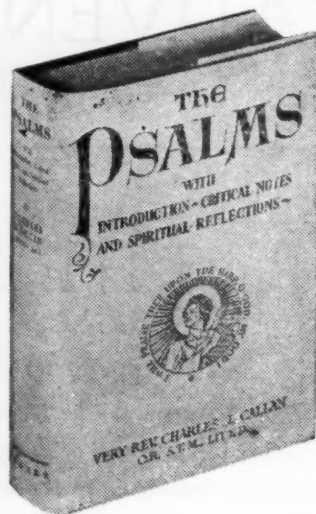
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